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Vol. CCV, No. 2670
APRIL 14, 1951

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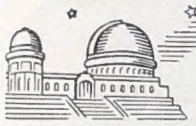

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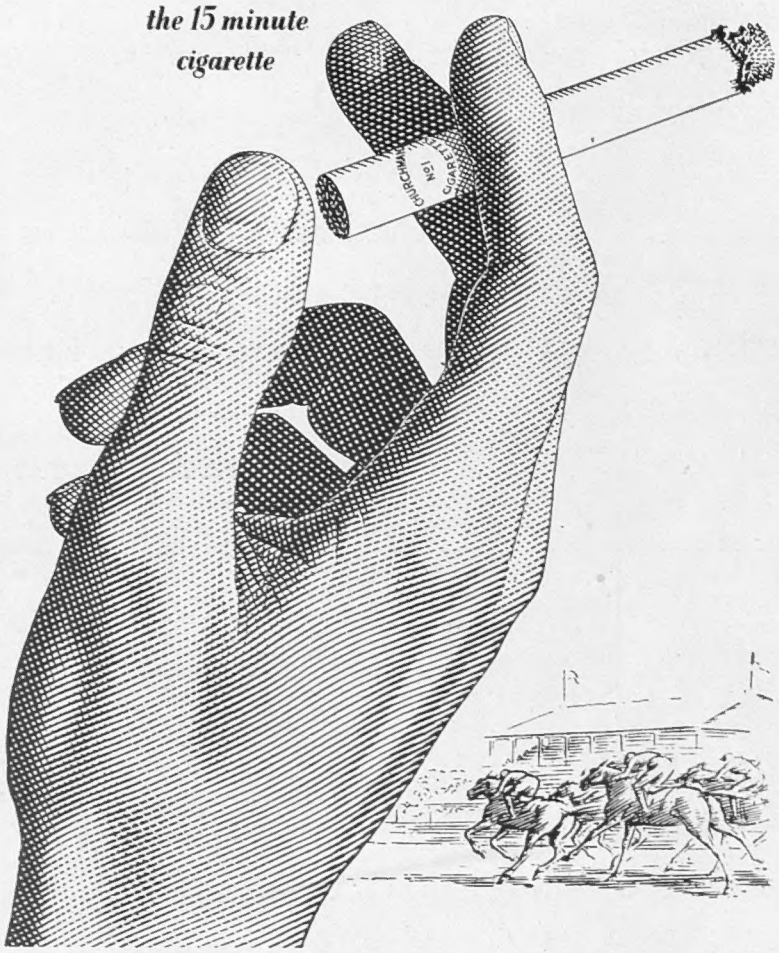

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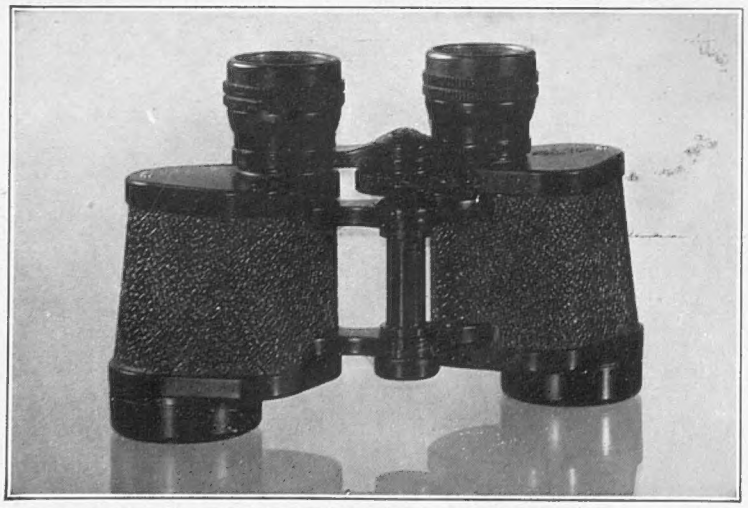

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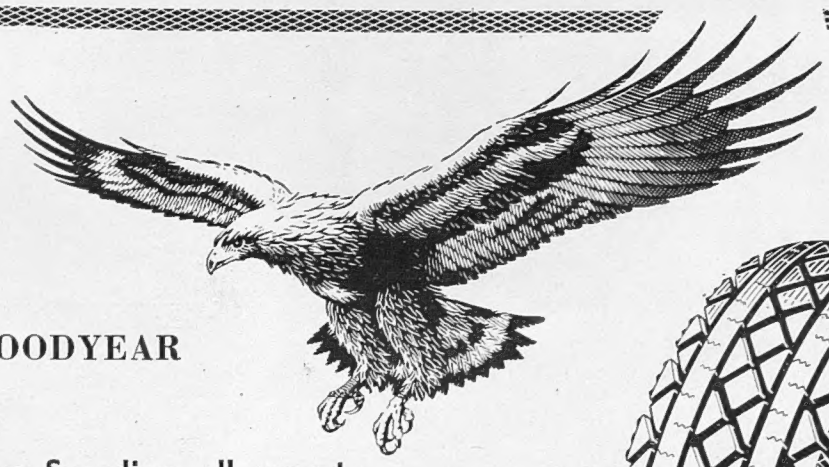

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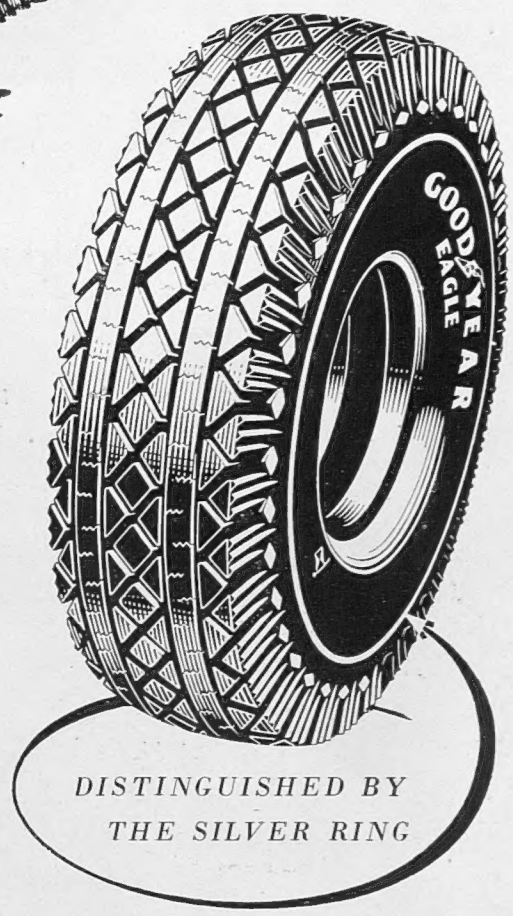

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C.99I

A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE (p. 76)

NATURAL HISTORY

THE LITTLE STINK (Odor odor). *Professor Fowler, with his class, secretly examines actual nest.*

Schwepping Forest

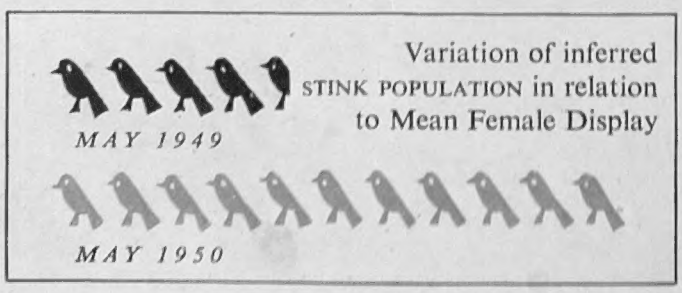
Schwepping Forest is of course the last remains of the natural forest which only five thousand years ago — yesterday afternoon in terms of geological schweppochs — surrounded the teeming suburbs of Cirenschwepster.

Every tree has its history. It was underneath this ancient acacia that the news was received for the forty-seventh time of the landing of the Danes by Ethelred the UnSchweppe.

The soil of Schwepping Forest is soil, lying above the sub-soil beneath which is the soil beneath the sub-soil. In geological section, it is seen that if you go fairly far down there are layers of rock — a layer on top with other layers beneath them.

Through glades once trodden by squires in the knightly dance, ornithologists like Professor James (" Beau ") Fowler now wander, and he has recently recorded (annals *Zool: Stud: Vol.:* CCCCCCX) that account of the Little or Bulgarian Stink which shows these birds proved to have bred 53 in May 1950, 784 in May 1951. Does this point to a new Stink migration?

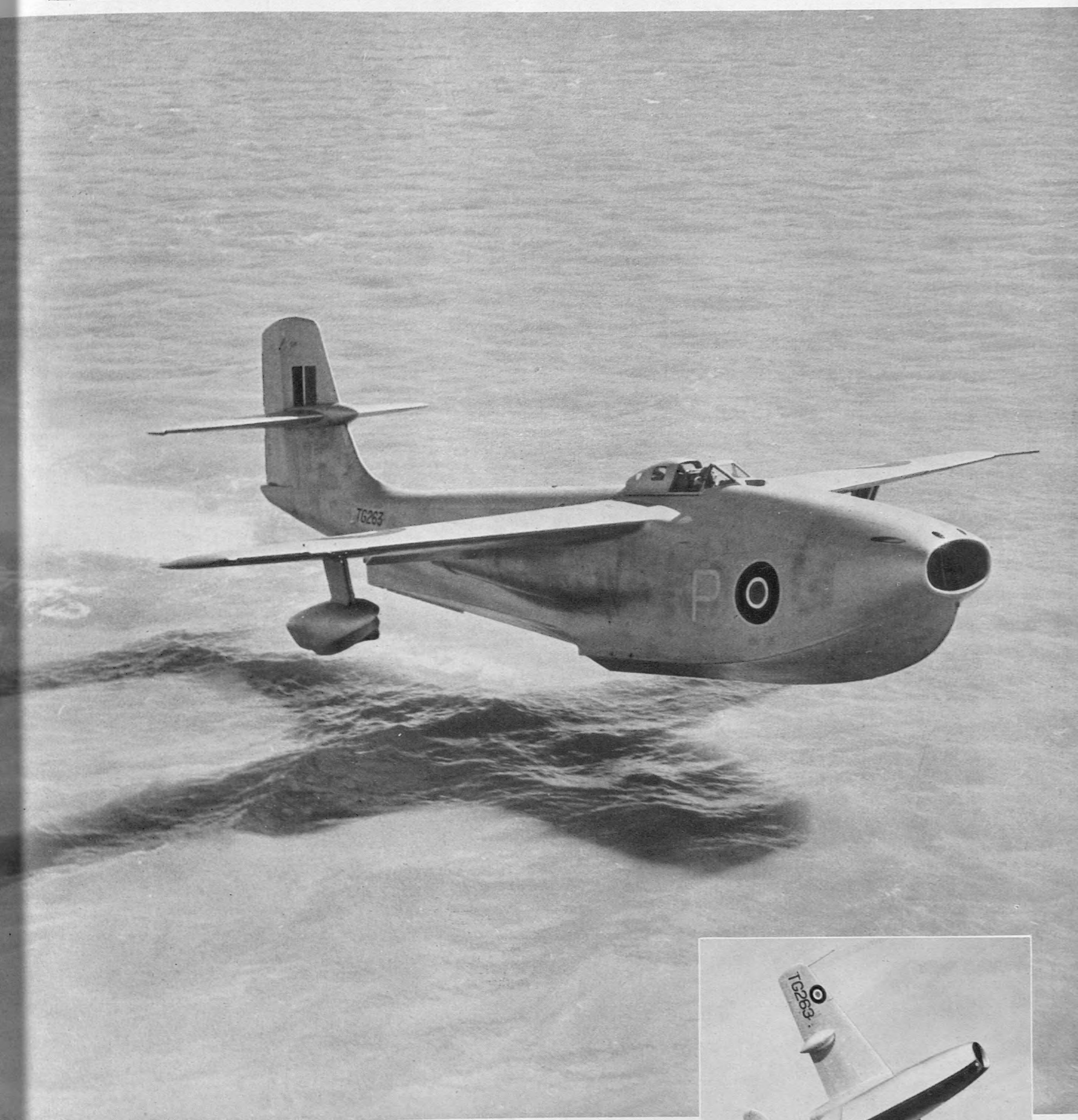
Written by Stephen Potter
Drawn by Lewitt-Him



SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Volume CCV No. 2670 The SPHERE, London, April 14, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



A UNIQUE BRITISH JET FIGHTER—THE SAUNDERS-ROE S.R./A.1 SINGLE-SEATER, THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED FLYING-BOAT IN THE WORLD : *Above*—The plane seen during a take-off at high speed, and (*inset on right*) banking during trials off the Isle of Wight. The S.R./A.1 has two Beryl axial-flow turbojets.

Despite accidents which befell the first two prototypes, Saunders-Roe are persisting with their jet flying-boat, the S.R./A.1, and confidence continues to be placed in this fighter which operates from the water. Hull drag notwithstanding, the S.R./A.1 attains over 500 m.p.h., and is highly manœuvrable, but now that speeds of 650 m.p.h. or higher promise to become general within a few years, it would seem that the conventional flying-boat may be placed at an increasing disadvantage. Trials with the third prototype of this jet fighter are now taking place off the Isle of Wight with G. A. V. Tyson, Saunders-Roe's chief test pilot, at the controls. The floats of this plane are retractable in flight. External armament or drop fuel tanks can be carried beneath the wings. Four 200-mm. cannon in the nose constitute the standard armament.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Survey and Budget.—I write before the Chancellor's secrets are out—short of leakage. But the Government's Survey (which was perhaps written before the surprising and welcome bad shots of last year's Budget were known) was designed to make our flesh creep and to give us a sense of relief, or even bathos, when we come to be told the worst; and my guess is that our verdict on Mr. Gaitskell's first (and last?) Budget will be: "It might have been much worse," meaning "we expected worse." My own guess is that it will be not so much the Budget as the inevitable rise in the prices of goods we must have and the further decline in general home market goods, which this year will hit our poor little household economics for six. We shall pay still more for less food, fuel and household necessities. We shall go in rags and live longer with our "in-laws," and wait longer still for our "luxuries," if a radio set, a television set and a car of sorts are luxuries for all classes but the bureaucracy. As for direct taxation, I cannot believe it is possible from *Whitehall*. From our county town and rural district council-house we know already that it is possible and inevitable. "Another 2s. 6d. on the rates" has become a hardy annual, and rates at 22s. in the pound are judged "mild in places." Oddly enough, we must find our contributions for both rates and taxes from the same threadbare purse, and *that*, I believe, is a piece of realism which is by no means common knowledge shared by Mr. Bloodsucker of Whitehall and Mr. Bloodsucker of Blanchester. Each assumes that we have at least one purse solely at his disposal.

Up and Up.—The Post Office has joined the majority of Oliver Twists in asking for more. I had in my ignorance (shared with my neighbours) believed that the Post Office exclusively ran as a going concern among public services; made annually a "profit" of many millions out of our stamps and licences and what not, gave us a moderate service and handed annually in to the Treasury £10,000,000 or more in reduction of taxation needs. It 's all a mare's-nest. The Post Office is a bankrupt concern, like the Railways. It hands not a penny to the Treasury. It renders to other Departments services worth £16,000,000, which are not repaid. The Treasury (or taxpayer) indeed has to find £40,000,000 in a year to keep the Post Office going. Wage-costs have increased by 180 per cent. since the late war. It would not "pay" to calculate what sum each Department took "free" from the Post Office out of that £16,000,000. It would require 2,000 extra accountants and collectors to liquidate that "free-for-all-Departments" Post Office service deficit, and that apparently would leave the Post Office still more bankrupt. Such is the situation with the Post Office, as we gather it from question and answer. But we are not much the wiser. Accountancy is a nimble and nebulous business and can produce any situation required, no single one of them intelligible to you and me. All we know is that the P.O. asks for more and will get more from, and give no more to, you and me. Meanwhile any Government department is free to send redundant and unnecessary letters and forms and inquisitions to you and me, free of charge. They are sent C.O.D.

Mr. Attlee on Mr. Bryant.—I am sure Mr. Arthur Bryant has no need of a sales-stimulus for *Age of Elegance*. But, whether or no, the book got one from Mr. Attlee's broadcast. There was humour in this. I have read Mr. Bryant's trilogy often and many of his newspaper articles, and had concluded that he was about the last author whom an ardent believer in the Welfare State would quote to support his ideal. Mr. Attlee's choice is clear proof of the *impartiality* of the expert historian, for Mr. Churchill might with as much or more reason support *his* ideal from the same source. Indeed, I should have said that Mr. Bryant and Mr. Rouse are, among our historians, as pronounced Tories as Macaulay was a pronounced Whig. And here is Mr. Bryant drawn, willy-nilly, into the Socialist camp, brought forward as prophet and philosopher of the Welfare State, quoted as the Bible of Socialism. Truly Mr. Attlee is very deep and shrewd. He is a master of the advocate's arts; knows well how to treat a hostile witness; and what Mr. Bryant will gain in circulation, he may lose in authority as a historian and as an out-and-out exponent of the theory that the era of the Napoleonic Wars (with all its hideous injustices) was our finest hour. Read again his chapter "Portrait of the Victors": "Cohesion without coercion, wealth without slavery, empire without militarism, such was the spectacle Britain presented [after Waterloo]. . . . Only one kingdom had emerged victorious, while assuring her people social order and freedom of choice. . . . The English were free as individuals to rule themselves, which made them self-reliant, resourceful and morally as well as physically courageous. . . . Any attempt to increase the size of the Civil Service was certain to be assailed. Even the Foreign Office had a staff of only 28. The Home Office consisted of 20 clerks. . . ." Mr. Attlee missed these paragraphs! Or didn't he?

Uncomfortable Neighbours.—In times past, the retired soldier, merchant or Civil Servant, looking out for a little place in the country for his retirement, concentrated on the home of his dreams in pretty country the right distance from London or what not. None of these matters much concern him now. He still pores over a map, but it is not so much to find where to settle, but where *not* to settle. He is concerned much more to avoid uncomfortable neighbours, and in his list of these, atom experimental stations, aerodromes, dormitory towns and new trunk roads head the list. Now a new rival to these bad neighbours comes up—show-places and museums and the homes of dead notables. Hear the heart-cry from Ayot St. Lawrence, only yesterday a quiet Herts. village. "Stop these damned cars and buses parking all over the place," in their hundreds and thousands. The tripper is tripping to Shaw's Corner and life in Ayot is hell. The indigent peer who opens his stately home may well be another "bad neighbour," but naturally only to those who seek peace and dislike greasy cartons and broken bottles. There will be many in sweet Auburn who like the bustle and the *va-et-vient* and welcome the presence (or absence) of a *great notable*. "Heaven knows," wrote Captain Ames of Ayot, "what this place will be like when the Americans begin to come to Shaw's Corner." It is a daunting thought. It is fearful to think that fifty years hence Ayot St. L. may be another Stratford, as romantic and as bogus (in its legends), with a Shaw theatre larger than that on Avon's bank.

The Stone.—One theft often leads to another, as does one murder. It seems that three silver-headed arrows (property of the King, as heir to his grandfather to whom they were presented) have been stolen from Holyrood-house. It is suggested (but not proved) that this loot is designed to be melted down to make silver for medals to commemorate the theft of the Stone of Scone. If it be so, it is not very commendable to commemorate and reward larceny by larceny. For my part, I have not found much difference in principle between the theft of the Stone of Scone and, for example, the forcible ejectment from a stately home of England of the family in residence (and its occupation) by marauders on the ground that it was once Church property grabbed by Henry VIII. There is such a thing as a Statute of Limitations. The latest official opinion about the Stone theft seems to be strangely tolerant—"*boys will be boys*; if you find and punish the offenders, you will annoy Scotland still more and make trouble." The argument is rather like winking at the acts of Communist strike-agitators (contrary to the law) for fear of provoking another strike. The Lord Rector of Glasgow University adopts this curious argument. Scotland Yard seems anxious not to commit itself to prosecutions when the loot is found and the perpetrators definitely identified. "Safety first" or "don't make trouble" appears to gain ground against the sterner principles of justice for crime. If that be so, what *is* safe?

THEY WANTED TO FLY BRITISH—THE RETURN OF THE M.C.C. TEAM FROM THEIR TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: Members of the team, headed by Len Hutton (Yorkshire) and Denis Compton (Middlesex), disembarking from the plane in which they flew from New York. A last-minute change was made by Compton in order to return to this country by a British plane. Previously they had arranged to fly by Pan-American Airways, and a cancellation fee will have to be paid to that Company. As the plane, which had been previously delayed owing to bad weather, arrived one hour ahead of the scheduled time, the official reception committee, led by the M.C.C. President, Sir Pelham Warner, was not present to welcome the cricketers. Denis Compton, the team's Vice-Captain, summed up the tour with these words: "If I had played better we 'd have won the Ashes. It was just one of those things."

Author's Royalties.—Naturally the writer of books rushes in to a newspaper symposium on the theme or proposition that, if the publisher is to make book publishing pay to-day, the author must be prepared to take a lower royalty—lower apparently than 10 per cent. in most cases. Writing a book may be compared to having a baby. It is a tiresome, painful and costly business, and the months of gestation may exceed the human period by four times or more. Sometimes a woman may produce a potential premier or genius who will prove a family asset and bread-winner. About as often, an author may produce a best-seller or even classic. As a rule, both mother and author are unlikely to make (financially) a handsome profit out of the business. Many people write good books to-day; very, very few of them—even the best—make a living out of their craft alone. When a man has spent three vital years of sweat and toil in compiling a book into which he put his very best, it does not strike him as exorbitant if he receive one-tenth of the harvest of retail sales. If the publisher replies that *he* has shouldered all the risks, the author may deny that with an oath—he, too, has risked a good deal of "overhead" and, more precious still, his reputation. If the publisher can't bear the risk, it is the reading public and not the author who should come to his assistance. A good book is still cheap, as things go to-day. A bad one should be the foolish publisher's funeral.

An Ugly Record.—An English winter is not judged for its nastiness by the severity of its periods of frost and cold. Such periods seldom last more than three weeks at a time. Neither is it judged by its sunlessness, or its rainfall record, though all these matters may tot up to ugly proportions. In England we still follow the criterion set by King Charles II that *there is no country on earth in which it is pleasant to be out of doors on so many days in the year*. On that criterion this winter (not *yet* over) is condemned to be hung, drawn and quartered, and, if possible, cut down alive. We judge our winters by their *mi-carêmes*; there are usually several little interludes of spring in February and March, lasting a day or two, when we can *imagine* spring. But this year there has been no let-up. It was coldest in December perhaps; it appears to have rained pretty solidly since last autumn, following a beastly summer. More than 17 ins. of rain have fallen on my garden since January 1, a good deal more than half the average annual rainfall of the last ten years. I cannot recall half-a-dozen days when it was really pleasant to be out of doors since January. As for a fine holiday or week-end, memory does not survive long enough to recall one. It was the longest, saddest, dreariest and most luckless winter in my memory, and, to counter it, we were eked out with the worst rubbish in the name of coal and coke at the highest prices ever paid by English householders since coal was first found and dug.

THE OLD STAGER

"WITH BEST WISHES"

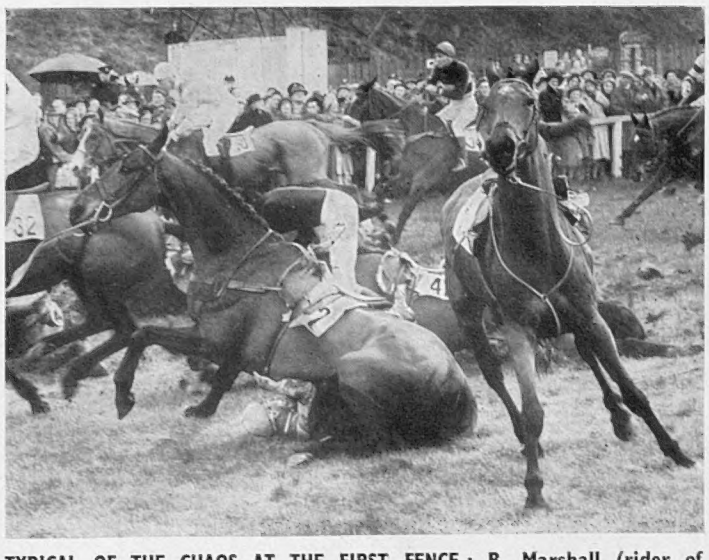
THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland, £5 16s. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY AND DR. GORTON, THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY, WALK WITHIN THE SHELL OF THE CATHEDRAL BUILDING WHERE IN NOVEMBER 1940 THE KING STOOD WHILE THE FIRES STILL BURNED AFTER AN AIR RAID : The King and Queen spent half-an-hour amid the ruins, and also saw the plans for the cathedral's and the city's reconstruction. While in Coventry their Majesties also inspected the statue of Lady Godiva, which was unveiled in 1949 by Mrs. Douglas, wife of the former American Ambassador. Other events during the Royal visit to Warwickshire were a call at the Police College at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, to which they travelled along a five-mile route lined with thousands of factory workers. Later the King and Queen drove on to Warwick.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN WARWICKSHIRE

Royal Visits to Coventry Cathedral and Warwick Castle

THE KING AND QUEEN AT WARWICK CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF WARWICK : *On left*—The Queen seen in conversation with Mr. Anthony Eden, the Conservative Member of Parliament for Warwick and Leamington. *On right*—Their Majesties walking with the Earl following their arrival at the castle. Later, the Royal guests took tea with the Earl of Warwick, the Mayor of Warwick and Mr. Eden. The King and Queen then drove amid cheering crowds to Leamington Station.

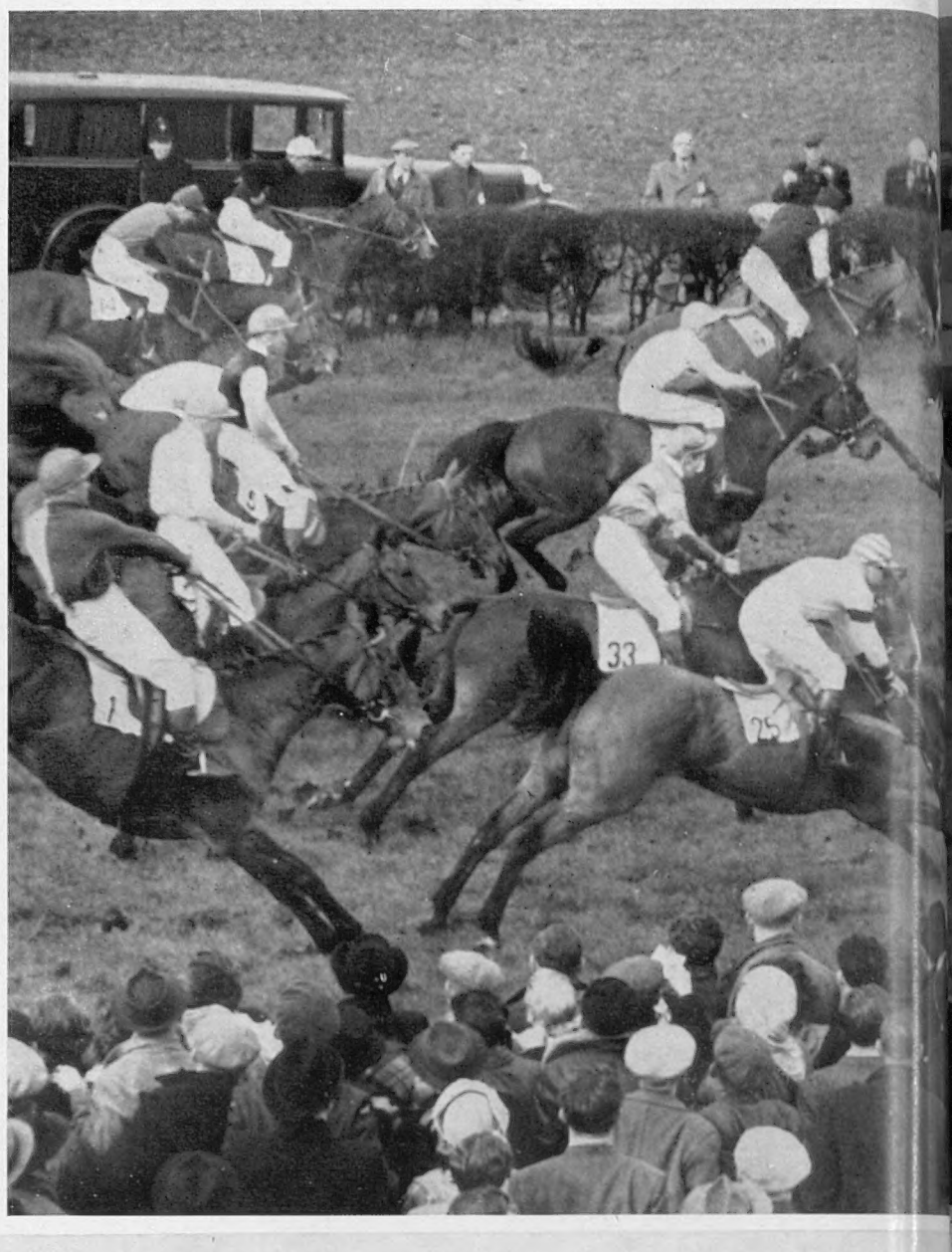


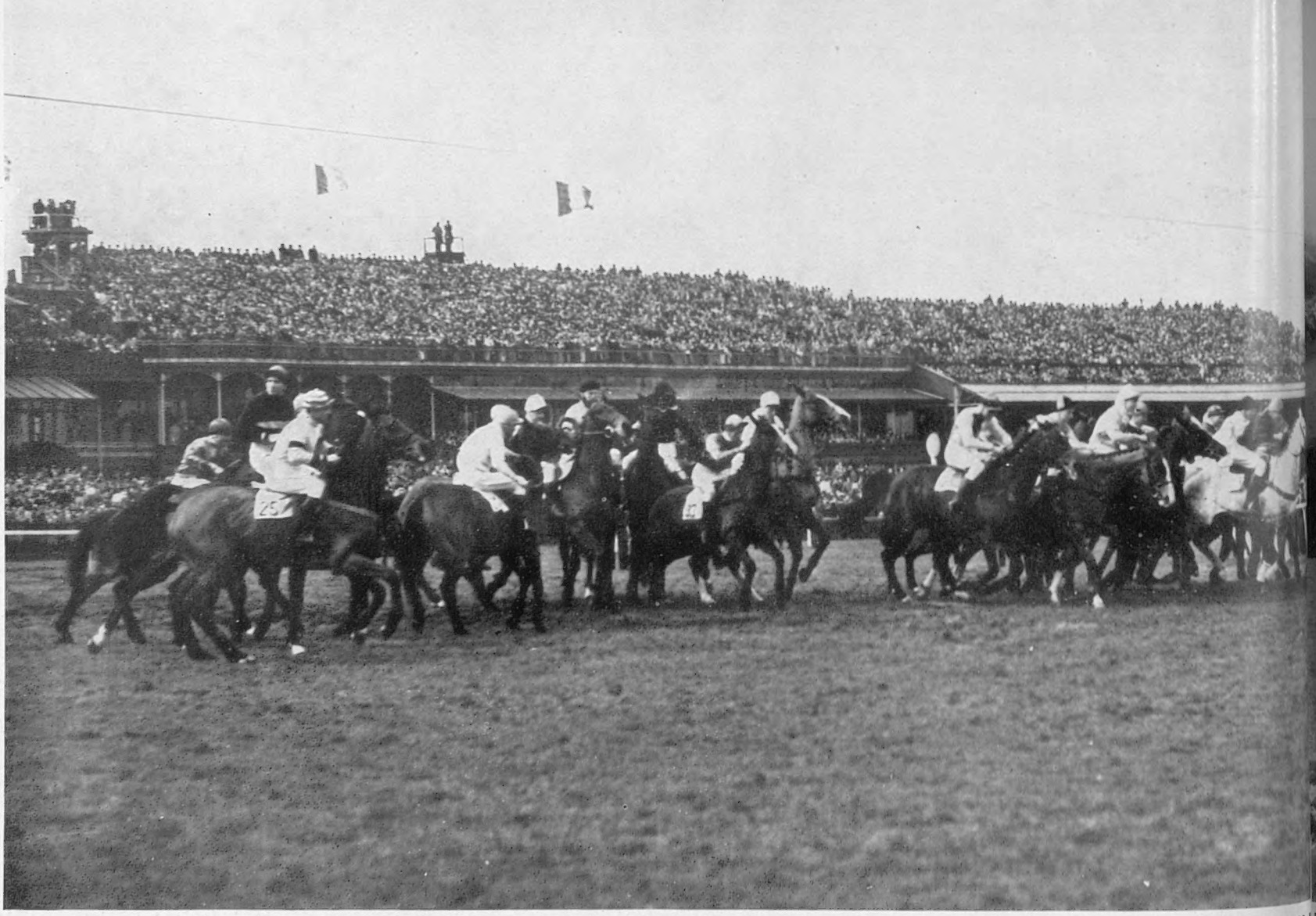
TYPICAL OF THE CHAOS AT THE FIRST FENCE: B. Marshall (rider of Land Fort) seen beneath his mount in the midst of the confusion at the first fence in the Grand National of 1951. Eleven horses crashed at this first jump and twenty-nine fell in the first quarter of the race, leaving the 40 to 1 outsider Nickel Coin to win from the rather better fancied Irish entry Royal Tan.

NICKEL COIN EMERGES FROM THE GRAND NATIONAL DEBACLE

A 40 to 1 Outsider Wins the Big Aintree Race and Only Two Others Finish the Course

Not since before the war have so many promising entries and so many well-tried 'chasers contested the Grand National, such stalwarts as Arctic Gold, a brilliant winner over park courses, Roimond, a real Grand National type, Shagreen, Cloncarrig, Finnure, Land Fort, and Freebooter and Russian Hero (the last two named having already won the race) being included in the field of over thirty. The 250,000 people who flocked to Aintree had every prospect of a thrilling race, hotly contested. What they actually saw was a thoroughly bad start with eleven out of thirty-six horses falling after the charge to the first fence, and a crop of casualties in the next minute or two which left hardly any horses standing. The second circuit developed, indeed, into a duel between the gallant mare Nickel Coin, a 40 to 1 outsider, and the rather better fancied Irish-trained Royal Tan, which had nearly won the Irish Grand National some days before. The whole race was a bitter disappointment for the crowd, and it would be safe to say that only one in a hundred really had a run for his money. One newspaper report declared that the Aintree crowd seemed to be stunned by the extent of the debacle.





WHEN THE TAPES WENT UP MOST OF THE RIDERS ON THE LEFT OF THE LINE WERE UNPREPARED FOR THE START, AND THIS WAS PROBABLY THE PRIME CAUSE OF SO MANY FALLS AT AN EARLY STAGE IN THE RACE, RIDERS AND MOUNTS BEING UNABLE TO SETTLE DOWN: On the left (wearing brown jacket with hoops) is C. Hook on Ta... who had obviously been caught unprepared. Facing across the course at right-angles to the start was T. Brookshaw on Dog Watch. Also caught in the mê... this side of the course were Cloncarrig and Parsons Hill. The only starters to get away really well from this end of the line were Broomfield (extreme... and Derrinstown. Later, when in conversation with the Stewards, the starter, Major L. L. Firth, who has been official starter of the Grand National... twenty years, admitted that he had begun the race too soon. Most racing experts were inclined to agree that the race was one of the most chaotic on re...

ACLE BEGINS AT THE FIRST FENCE : Here the field, which had been got off to a hasty start, was ily thinned, no fewer than eleven horses falling, including such well-fancied candidates as Land Fort Finnure. The race was reminiscent of the fiasco in Tipperary Tim's year in 1928 when only the er stood up, and the American-owned Billy Barton was the only other to finish. This year only two ained standing, the mare Nickel Coin and Royal Tan, and during the final stages of the race these , except for loose horses, had the whole of the course to themselves. The third horse, Derrinstown, outsider at 66 to 1, fell at Becher's on the second circuit and was remounted to come in third.

REEBOOTER, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1950, "LEADS" THE FIELD AT BECHER'S BROOK : Already the field was thinned right out, and the luckless Freebooter was riderless, having unshipped J. Power at the second fence. Going magnificently at this stage were Russian Hero (left of the leading line), the winner in 1949, and the favourite Arctic Gold (striped sleeves), which is on the right of the line. The winner of the race, the mare Nickel Coin, is (right-hand group) just about to land after making a good leap.

THE DUEL AT THE LAST FENCE : Royal Tan (left), with Mr. A. S. O'Brien in the saddle, and Nickel Coin (right), with J. Bullock up, jumping together. Nickel Coin, although very tired, made a good leap, but Royal Tan hit the top of the fence heavily and was within an ace of coming down. Bullock then proceeded to ride the mare Nickel Coin through to a very well-earned victory by six lengths.

A VERY TIRED MARE GOES PAST THE POST : J. Bullock winning the Grand National of 1951 on Nickel Coin. Great praise goes to Nickel Coin's rider, Bullock, a former paratrooper who was captured at Arnhem. This was his first Grand National ride, and it was only the second time that he had ridden over Aintree's formidable jumps.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH ALIGHT ON THE QUAY AT GOZO WHEN PAYING THEIR FIRST VISIT TO MALTA'S SISTER ISLAND: Prince Philip is seen helping the Princess ashore from the barge, *Haig*, which had brought them from the despatch vessel *Surprise*. Standing on the right are Dr. G. Borg Oliver, Prime Minister of Malta, and Mgr. Pace, Bishop of Gozo. The Royal visitors made a tour of Gozo's towns and villages, and they had lunch with the Commissioner of the island at Victoria, capital of Gozo, which interestingly enough boasts a hotel called The Duke of Edinburgh, so-named after one of Queen Victoria's sons. Gozo, which lies four miles north-west of Malta, with the smaller island of Comino in between, has an area of 26 sq. miles and a population of 23,000. The island, composed of coralline limestone, is more fertile than Malta, and is a great place for market-gardeners. The remains of Cyclopean walls are one of the great tourist features of the island, and there are a number of monuments of the Roman occupation.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH

ON GOZO

They Pay a First Visit to Malta's Sister Island

PRINCESS ELIZABETH MEETS THE COMMISSIONER FOR GOZO: The Princess receiving Mr. E. G. Montanaro, who was presented by the Prime Minister of Malta, Dr. G. Borg Oliver, as she landed on the island with Prince Philip.

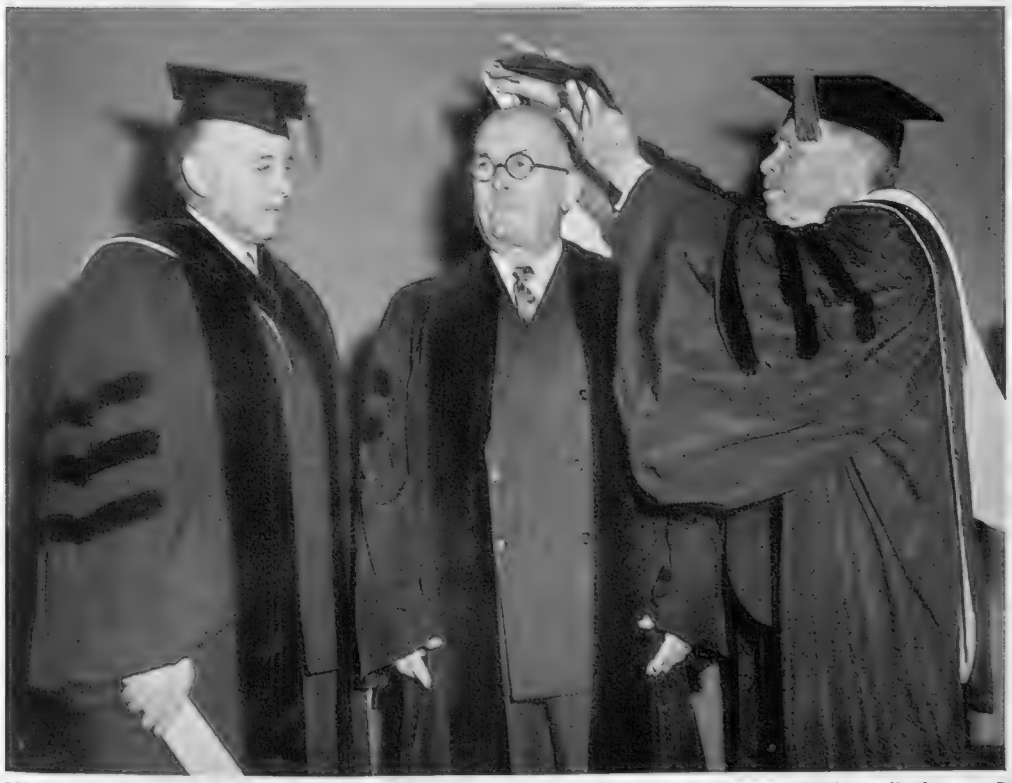
CHEERS FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AS THEY DRIVE THROUGH THE TWO MAIN TOWNS OF GOZO: *Left*—Leaving Mjiar Quay, Fort Chambray, in their Hillman Minx at the start of their tour. Most of the schoolchildren of the eastern part of the island were there to wave Union Jacks as the Royal couple drove off. *Right*—Driving through the main street of Victoria, the capital, where the children also turned out in force. The town of Victoria is in the centre of Gozo.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT DRIVES FROM THE TIP OF MANHATTAN TO THE CITY HALL, WHILE THOUSANDS LINE THE STREETS TO ACCLAIM HIM : The President seen standing up in his car during the drive. Seated beside him was M. Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister.

NEW YORK HAILS THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

Monsieur Auriol Honoured by the City and by Columbia University at the Close of His U.S. Visit

After the official interchanges of Washington, where President Auriol had dined with the Trumans, had banqueted them in turn, and had addressed both a joint session of Congress and the Foreign Ministers of the Good Neighbour Nations, the greetings in New York were of a more informal character. The French President's drive from Battery Point to City Hall was traditionally tumultous, and in spite of a chilly and blustering wind, vast crowds lined the route along lower Broadway. M. Auriol had been suffering from a feverish cold, but he later expressed his pleasure at not having missed the unique welcome that New York reserves for famous men. At a brief ceremony in the Council Chamber he conferred the insignia of Commander of the Legion of Honour upon Mr. Impellitteri, who in turn handed the President a scroll of the city for distinguished and exceptional public service. At a subsequent luncheon the President received the New York Medal of Honour.



TWO AMERICAN DISTINCTIONS FOR THE VISITING PRESIDENT : *Left*—Dr. James T. Shotwell, former President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, placing the degree toga over President Auriol's shoulders when he was made Doctor of Law at Columbia University. Also in the picture is Dr. Graysom Kirk, Vice-President of Columbia and acting head of the University in the absence of General of the Army Eisenhower. *Right*—President Auriol is decorated with the Medal of Honour of the City of New York by Mayor Vincent Impellitteri at a city luncheon. President Auriol is the first head of a State ever to have received this honour.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SAN REMO TRIAL

The Strange Case of Melchiorre and Zaroudska

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS story runs the whole way from Marseilles to Genoa, stopping en route at Nice, Monte Carlo, and other choice places like Diana Marino and Villavernia. The Italians have christened it "The Trial of the Century." Hyperbole; but I think one may safely call it the most artistically concordant crime story to emanate from the Liberation.

When he was a young man shortly before the 1914 war, Francesco Melchiorre, son of an Italian labourer emigrant to Nice, picked up a wallet outside Monte Carlo Casino; kept it; bought a then rare taxi-cab; followed with his "first million" (francs) and a garage in 1918; then began buying all sorts of war vehicles, renovated them; topped matters off by becoming the "autocar king" of the French and Italian Rivieras.

Others called him the "transport czar" when he realised his "first milliard" in 1933. But something else had happened before then. Meet the Countess Zaroudska.

Born in the Russian Ukraine in 1888, Elena Zaroudska was early left an orphan, and continued to live on the family estates until she met the Russian General Polotzov, whom she married in 1906. Having landed a rich wife, and preferring the fleshpots, Polotzov left the Czar's service in 1913, and the full and fast-living pair migrated to the gaieties of Paris, Ostend, San Sebastien, and the Riviera.

During the tumultuous '20's the General and the Countess led a fast and furious life in true Russian style, especially on the Nice–Monte Carlo line. But there came a day when the much younger wife decided she would like a change and a divorce was arranged. That was in 1928.

Had the Zaroudska already met Melchiorre? Anyway, the Countess by birth married the ex-taxi-driver that year. People were astounded. Melchiorre was such a gross fellow. The only thing in common between the two seemed to be that both knew how to amass and look after their money. They settled in Lilac Street, Monte Carlo, where, all through the '30's, they were very well known indeed. The Zaroudska loved entertaining. Melchiorre concentrated on his Bus Trust.

He was already one of the richest residents of the Riviera, and his wife's jewels were well-known neck and hand marks when war came. Occupation authorities make a bee-line for people like Melchiorre. The Italians were dotted about the French Riviera from 1940; the Germans didn't officially appear until 1942. But they were in the background all the time and, from early on, Melchiorre joined a puissant German instrument of collaboration called "Inter-Commercial."

His fortune bounding upwards by a diversity of activities, the former taxi-driver grew to be so ambitious as actually to work out a plan for the annexation of the Principality of Monaco to Italy, in which case he hoped to be crowned in room of the outgoing Grimaldi!

Yet why the exclamation-mark? It wasn't such an outrageous dream as it may look. The reigning Prince had been a French General, while his successor, the present Sovereign, joined the French in North Africa. Supposing the Axis *had* won?

The Allied landing of August 15, 1944, dissolved Melchiorre's dream for ever, and very shortly after, he and his Countess had to make a run for it to Italy and an effort to disappear. They left in a car full of luggage holding shares, securities, gold, jewels, notes, and the flight was an ordeal. Now they would be stopped by French partisans, now by Italians. Somehow the pair won through—probably by lavishly greasing palms—only for their own collaboration crowd to catch up with them. Also on the run, they did not intend to let the boss with the dough get away with it.

Now began a period of nightmare for the two principal fugitives, also a procedure which gives a special flavour to this case. A collection of, possibly, as many as twenty men, and a few of their women, kept on hunting Melchiorre and the Countess, as the pair moved furtively with their treasure from village to small town in Northern Italy. Some of the hunters had been in the Resistance, most had been collaborators. War over, and each in the know about Melchiorre's activities, they joined forces to ease his huge fortune out of him, also the Zaroudska's.

They worked irregularly and in small groups, so that the fugitives never knew from one minute to the next if they wouldn't be "called upon" and invited to deliver up more shares, jewels, gold and notes—good dollars and pounds, a lot of it. Such a process of sustained extortion, blackmail, and direst threats cannot have graced crime for many a long day. Sometimes the callers would be in uniform, saying they were of the Allied Security Police—and if Monsieur and Madame didn't hand over, they'd be arrested that very day.

So it went on for weeks, months, in late 1945, until at last the pair thought they had shaken off their tormentors in the village of Porretta Terme. For weeks neither dared put his or her nose outside the door, until one day when they thought it safe to go for a stroll. And what should happen? Melchiorre got bitten by a scorpion, and so frightened was he of being recognised that he refused to have a doctor, caught blood poisoning, grew worse and died.

Meanwhile, over at Nice, he and the Countess had been sentenced in their absence to 20 years hard labour and confiscation of their property up to an estimate of £2,000,000. This sum has importance, as figures have been flying round in relation to wills, extortion, etc., which it is quite impossible to tether to earth. But a fine of £2,000,000 was named by the Nice courts and is, therefore, a reasonably sound basis from which to judge the "treasure" side.

When left alone, the Zaroudska is thought to have had in her possession nearly £1,000,000 worth of shares, ingots, gold currency, jewels, despite all the extortion that had gone before. But now she became the prey of an ever-greater extortion. The hunters always kept finding her anew, as she moved from place to place with her new companion, a twenty-three-year-old Italian maid, Paola Ratti.

The Countess evidently hankered to get back to Monte Carlo, thinking its neutral condition might protect her, and this brought her finally to a villa at Diana Marino, between Genoa and San Remo. It was a stupid thing to do. None are easier to trace than foreigners who take villas, and, lo, the Countess was soon being "called upon," again, by members of the same old gang. And with such success, for the gang, that less than half of the £1,000,000 in various values that the Zaroudska is believed to have had at Melchiorre's death, was found on May 16, 1947.

Also, on that day, were found the murdered bodies of the Zaroudska and her faithful Paola.

The previous evening the two had gone for a walk. When they returned to the villa, burglars were at work whom they could but recognise; men out for the big thing, no more mere extortion. The Countess was killed with an iron bar, Paola with a kitchen knife. The rooms were in disorder, everything turned upside down. But the police found £400,000 worth of the usual valuables stuffed up a chimney. Nevertheless, if they overlooked this, the murderers got away with another £100,000 worth.

The scene changes to a court-room at San Remo, four years after. Nine men are in the dock-cage. Four of the principal accused, including an Englishman, are absent without leave. Seventeen defence lawyers loll among the (mostly Italian) Press boys, there in force to cover the "Trial of the Century."

Names really don't matter in a compressed report such as this; except, perhaps, Scopi and Marcellini, the two charged with the actual murders. Scopi had killed in Nice long ago. He is now in Titoland, whence he writes to his Nice lawyer. Aged sixty-six, he draws attention to a curious feature: more of the thirteen accused are over fifty than under thirty. Unusual with this sort of crime. Marcellini, youngest at thirty-three, is, therefore, the only one in the cage charged with the capital offence.

A word about the absent Englishman, whom I shall call Sergeant X. He has repudiated the accusations and extradition was refused. In court he was referred to as a lieutenant in the Intelligence Corps, and the allegation was that he and Scopi drove the Countess away from the villa, under durance, and that she lost sixteen of twenty-four pieces of luggage. Among "the usual," these were said to contain Suez Canal shares *and* the explanation was published that Sergeant X appropriated them for the British Government, which has a majority holding and likes every Suez share it can get.

It may also interest Sergeant X to know that the Public Prosecutor asked for a sentence of 22 years and 6 months in his case. Thirty-year sentences were asked in other cases, and "ergastolo," slang for life as there's no death sentence, for Scopi and Marcellini. But none of them need bother yet awhile.

The Public Prosecutor had throughout rested his case on the statement of Thérèse Martini, mistress of one of the missing four. A stool pigeon, Pierrine Carlissi, had been put in the cell with Thérèse, who volunteered the information that her (missing) man had squarely stated that he knew Scopi and Marcellini to have committed the murders. On the fifteenth day of the trial, Thérèse, saying, "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur*," denied ever having said any such thing. There was a duel between her and Pierrine, who persisted with her version.

The two women got a terrific battering from the opposing sets of lawyers, even from the President, but neither would retract. This was the high point of what had certainly been one thing: a lawyers' fiesta. And it's going to go on and on, next October, probably at adjacent Imperia, as San Remo is considered too small fry for the legal setting of the "Trial of the Century."

Hard on the impasse and adjournment occasioned by the women, came news of two new arrests in France, at Marseilles and Grenoble, leading to three fresh arrests at Genoa. Three of the five arrested men were found to be in possession of Melchiorre and Zaroudska securities and shares, including Suez shares. An interesting new character entered the case in the person of Jean Mozzati, born in Tennessee, one of the fashionable masseurs on the Riviera. He was taken at Genoa. But the man who caused the whole trial to be annulled was one Parascandola, made to talk by the Marseilles police.

So next time there should be fourteen in the cage, and four still A.W.O.L.

A big Will tussle will follow the eventual verdict. The Zaroudska left nearly a million, one way or another, despite all the inroads. Princess Violet of Montenegro has renounced her share in advance. Other legacies stand in the names of Princess Obenlensko, a Casino employee named Golla who was also the Countess's secretary, her cousin, Félix Bolla, and the murdered Paola.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT TALKS TO AMERICA'S CONGRESS—PRESIDENT AURIOL ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WHEN HE TOLD AMERICAN LEGISLATORS THAT HE HAD LEARNED FROM BITTER EXPERIENCE THAT "ISOLATION IS DEATH" AND THAT "RIGHT WITHOUT MIGHT IS POWERLESS": Seated behind the President were Vice-President Alben W. Barkley and the Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. The President's twenty-seven-minute speech was delivered in French while his audience read it from copies of a prepared translation.

THE KING PRESENTS THE COLOURS TO THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: His Majesty, seen wearing the blue sash of the Order of the Garter, engaged in making the presentations. Two Colours were presented to each of the battalions.

THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY ON THE GOLF COURSE IN FRONT OF THE EAST TERRACE OF WINDSOR CASTLE: At this ceremony the King, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, presented new Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment. Prince Charles, now nearly two-and-a-half years old, was a spectator of the event, sitting in his perambulator just to the left of the main stairway. Later, holding the Queen's hand, he walked round to the saluting dais to see the King take the salute. The ceremony took place in brilliant sunshine. The Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon F. Ll. Hughes, assisted by the Rev. R. W. FitzPatrick, Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, dedicated the new Colours. The King, in presenting the Colours, said: "Thirty years ago my father presented the regiment with new Colours. Then, as now, our country had endured the trial of a great war and faced a stormy and uncertain future. He referred to you in the words used by Oliver Cromwell of his Ironsides, 'men who make some conscience of what they do; men who know what they are fighting for and love what they know.' That is how you were addressed by one who knew you well, and that is the reputation which you have maintained. In giving you these Colours I am confident you will honour and guard them in the future as you have done so faithfully in the past."

THE KING PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE COLDSTREAMERS

The 1st and 2nd Battalions Honoured at a Windsor Castle Ceremony Before Marching Past the Colonel-in-Chief

PRINCE CHARLES SEES THE MEN IN BEARSKINS AND SCARLET AS THEY MARCH PAST AT WINDSOR CASTLE: The Queen held the Prince's hand as his grandfather took the salute. Prince Charles had watched the early part of the parade from his pram, and one newspaper report declared that he had repeatedly asked to be let out to join his grandmother. It was after the presentation of the Colours that the Queen joined Prince Charles, and walked with him over to the saluting dais.

RANGING THE WORL
FOR HEADLINED NEW

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS
ON THREE CONTINENTS

AMBASSADOR O'DWYER RETURNS TO HIS POST IN MEXICO : Mr. William O'Dwyer (left), star witness in the New York crime investigations, where he gave evidence arising from his former Mayoralty of New York, waving as he left La Guardia Airport in the private plane of President Miguel Alaman of Mexico. On the right is Senor Francisco de Parada, personal representative of President Alaman. In a pre-departure interview, Mr. O'Dwyer brushed aside testimony given before the Senate Crime Investigating Committee that he had accepted 10,000 dollars in cash from John P. Crane, president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association, with the statement : " I did not betray any public trust and I never will." The former Mayor denied Crane's story both before the Senate Committee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, and before a New York County grand jury that is investigating the financial affairs of the Firemen's Association. Asked his opinion of the Kefauver Committee, Mr. O'Dwyer answered : " I am all for investigations of this kind. If a great deal of good has been done it is all to the good. It is true, of course, that these sometimes have a habit of getting away from the main theme."

ONCE AGAIN THE TIBETANS SEND A DELEGATION TO THE O SIDE WORLD : General Dzasa Kunsang Tse, Comman in-Chief of the Tibetan Army, and Trunik Che Lautra, Secretary to the Dalai Lama, seen on ar in New Delhi towards the end of March, where engaged in conversations with Mr. Nehru and with Chinese Ambassador before proceeding to Peking negotiate with Maotse's Government over the future of country. They were members of a three-man delegation, third member being the leader, General Nga Beu, who left Peking by overland route, travelling from Chamdo. In Nove 1950, it may be remembered, Tibet appealed to the United Na against Communist aggression. Earlier in 1950 a seven Tibetan mission reached Peking, but there was no deviation fro Peking Government's proclaimed intention of " liberating Ti

DEMARCATING THE ISRAEL-JORDAN FRONTIER : Border incidents between Israel and Jordan have been many and close between, and during 1950, indeed, the United Nati Commission in " Palestine " received over 200 complaints from both sides alleging local violations of the Armistice Agreement. In recent months fifteen Jewish and Arab civilians have lost their lives. In order to prevent further trouble the Deputy Chiefs of Staff of Jordan and Israel have agreed upon a plan, including the forg of contacts between local Israeli and Jordanian border commissions, demarcating the frontier with exactitude, and exchanging prisoners. When these pictures w taken work was in progress in the Beth Gubrin sector on the exact demarcation of the frontier, which is to be made plain by piles of whitewashed rocks. *Left*—An Ar engaged in whitewashing operations after the erection of one of the cairns. *Right*—A surveyor making an exact calculation of the border before setting up a new ca

HARRY FERGUSON BRINGS HIS ACTION AGAINST THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AND OTHERS FOR 341,600,000 DOLLARS : The British inventor (seen seated in centre) conferring with his lawyer, Mr. Horace D'Angelo (left) in the Federal Courthouse, New York City, during a recess in his " anti-trust suit for treble damages." John Sonnett (second from left) is representing Mr. Ferguson in court. On the opening day of the case the Ford defence counsel, Mr. Seymour, made a determined attack on Mr. Ferguson, describing him as " a contentious and unpredictable genius " who tried to leave the Ford Company " flat." At the same time he denied Mr. Ferguson's charge that the Ford Company, Henry Ford II, and the Dearborn Motors Corporation had conspired to wreck the Ferguson organisation and to take for themselves the benefits of Mr. Ferguson's inventiveness.

FOUND GUILTY OF INSULTING THE POPE AND GIVEN A SUSPENDED SENTENCE OF EIGH MONTHS IMPRISONMENT : Signorina Laura Diaz, thirty-one-year-old Communi Deputy, conferring with legal advisers during her trial at Chiete on a charg of having used insulting words against the Pope in a public political speech whic she delivered in the Provinces in 1948. She was accused of having asserted that the han of the present Pope " are dripping with the blood of Greek and Palestinian children " becau he never lifted a finger to prevent either the war in Palestine or the last world war. She deni that she used these words, but said that she spoke of the responsibility of the Pope and t Vatican for the war. Authority for Signorina Diaz to be tried was granted last May, and s has been charged under an article of the Lateran Treaty which lays down that offences commit against the Pope in Italian territory are punishable like those committed against the Kin

THE CHOPPING CHAMPION OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—THE TREE-FELLING CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST IN PROGRESS AT THE ROYAL EASTER AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Axeman Vic Summers (right), in company with other aspirants, stands on his platform and chops his way to victory. The contestants were taking part in the World's Championship tree-felling contest at Sydney's Royal Easter Agricultural Show. Mr. Summers won the contest for the third year in succession—and for the sixth time in all.

LUXEMBOURG NOW MAKES TYRES ON THE SITE OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BLAST FURNACE—THE NEW RUBBER-TYRE-PRODUCING FACTORY AT COLMAR-BERG: The first tyre to be stamped "Made in Luxembourg" left the factory on January 31. At first the inhabitants of this small village resented the erection of the new plant, but when the American authorities called for local manpower there were more demands for work than there was work available! The villagers were not the only people to benefit from the investment made by the Goodyear Company, as much of the equipment was purchased in other European countries.

THE TWO WINNERS OF THE ALGIERS-CAPETOWN RALLY RETURN TO FRANCE—THE WELCOME IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS: M. Loos, of Belgium, left, and M. Berney, of Switzerland, standing beside the car in which they crossed the African continent from Algiers to Capetown in 13 days, 15 hrs. and 45 mins. They beat all former records by more than two days. As the car arrived in the Place de la Concorde the two young drivers received an enthusiastic ovation from those who had gathered to welcome them back to Paris.

THIS ACCIDENT OCCURRED AFTER THE DRIVER OF THE TRACTOR-TRAILER TRUCK HAD SWERVED TO AVOID ANOTHER CAR: The driver had just avoided a collision with a stationary vehicle on Route 30, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when the truck swerved off the road and overturned on to this car, which had been parked in a driveway. No one was injured.

AMERICA IN THE GRIP OF THE SPRING FLOODS—INUNDATIONS IN THE PASSAIC VALLEY AND IN THE WATERSHED OF THE MISSOURI: *Left*—The town of Pequannock, in the Passaic Valley of New Jersey, where nearly one-third of the population of 6,000 had to be evacuated after rain-swollen rivers and overflowing reservoirs had poured billions of gallons of water over the north-east corner of the state, completely disrupting communications. Most of the rivers in this part of the state are usually shallow, narrow rivulets, but heavy rains during recent weeks turned them into raging torrents. *Right*—This picture was taken from a hill overlooking the Western Iowa town of Turin, where fifty of the little town's 180 residents were forced from their homes with the rise of one of the Missouri's tributaries.

WHERE THE PADLEMUIT ESKIMOS NOW FACE POSSIBLE STARVATION FOLLOWING THE REMOVAL OF THE CARIBOU REINDEER FROM THEIR FORMER ROAMING GROUNDS : An Eskimo encampment in Canada's North-West Territories which in former days abounded in great herds of caribou reindeer. Now through over-hunting and the advent of modern civilisation the great wastes of ice- and snow-bound territory have become almost barren and the Eskimos are finding it increasingly difficult to supply meat for their families. The situation has deteriorated to such an extent that the Royal Canadian Air Force has been called upon to parachute food to the inhabitants.

In North America's Arctic

THE PLIGHT of the PADLEMUITS

Starvation Results from the Over-hunting of the Once Plentiful Herds of Caribou

The strange, primitive Padlemuit Eskimos who in Canada's North-West Territories face pos starvation as a result of the caribou herds chan their migration routes.

The caribou is the foundation of life to the Pa muits. They rely on them for food for themselves the huskies, on which they rely for transport in hunt The caribou's skin is used for clothing and bedding the skin is also used to make the tents in which Padlemuits live in the summer ; the animal's tendons split and used as thread, and its bone and antlers made into a variety of implements from needle scrapers with which to clean caribou skin and s hoar frost from the blocks of ice that serve as win in the Padlemuits' igloos.

Without the caribou the Padlemuit Eskimos w die. And the caribou have moved away.

Throughout the centuries the Eskimo's life has periods comprised of plenty and of hunger ; for Eskimo is predominantly a hunter ; and his well-be depends on the availability of game. In the past t was usually game available, for the total Esk population of Canada has probably never exce 30,000, whereas the caribou herds ran into ten thousands of animals ; indeed, the early explorers records of herds taking weeks to pass a given p

And then the white man arrived in the Arctic penetrated the Eskimo's hunting territories. With he brought firearms, which he offered the Esk against the latter's promise to pay the cost of weapons and ammunition in furs.

The Eskimo saw in firearms a means of wealth plenty. Caribou, mink, marten, fox—they were a able in multitudes, and he had the fur trader's pro of payment in kind for all the pelts he could deli payment in more ammunition and modern traps which to secure more pelts and earn for himself multitude of knick-knacks and tinned foods displaye the trading post to which he took his catch.

Over-hunting, and the more recent spread of civi tion northwards—the building of military and indus outposts—has resulted in the reduction of caribou h which once numbered thousands and even ten thousands of animals to hundreds or perhaps on score or two.

As their numbers fell, so the Padlemuits had work harder to fulfil their needs, until the he harried on every side, changed their migration ro

In autumn the herds retreat southwards f approaching winter and in spring head northw again. The settlement of Padlei is situated on t migration route, and when the herds changed t migration routes the Padlemuits faced hunger. By end of 1949 they were on the verge of starvation.

They had killed most of their huskies for f Their clothes were tattered and torn, and the R Canadian Air Force was called upon to parachut the little settlement supplies sufficient to carry 300 inhabitants over until spring (1950), when it hoped the caribou would return. The herds m northwards along the edge of the Padlemuits' hunt territory, but hunting proved difficult because Eskimos had eaten most of their huskies. Thus t were still in a bad way when winter returned September-October.

A VISIT TO AN IGLOO : Richard Harrington, the photographer who took the pictures on these pages, arrives at the encampment and is greeted by one of the Eskimos. The dome-shaped igloo is used between November and March, and is built of snow blocks about 4 ins. thick. In order to strengthen the walls the interior is sometimes heated to melting-point and then allowed to freeze again so that a strong film of ice binds the blocks together.

TRANSPORTATION IN THE ARCTIC WASTES OF NORTH AMERICA—THE HUSKY-DOG DRIVER AND THE SLEDGE-DOG TEAM IN HARNESS : *On left*—The Eskimo husky-dog drive demonstrates his prowess with the whip with which he can flick the ear of a dog 40 ft. away. He uses the whip to control his animals during the journeys acro the snow-bound land. *On right*—A journey across the snow-bound wastes in search of food. When hunting becomes difficult the hunter turns to his sledge-dogs for food

AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL HUNTING TRIP : A Padlemuit woman emerges from her winter home to beat the snow out of her husband's clothing. She wears neither mittens nor parka (head-covering) as they have long since worn out, and there are no new skins with which to replace them.

PADLEMUITS POSE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER : A group of the remote, little-known Eskimo people who live in Canada's North-West Territories, and who rely on the caribou for food and clothing.

A KILL DURING THE HUNT : A Padlemuit Eskimo kills a caribou and prepares to carry it to his home. Its meat will sustain his family of five or six, and his dogs for one day. The caribou, found in the Arctic districts of North America is that of the sub-species known as the Barren Ground. It is usually small, with long, slightly curved antlers. The other sub-species in Canada is known as the Woodland Caribou, which roams the forest districts and which has shorter, much-branched horns. Unlike the European reindeer, these two particular species have never been domesticated.

THE LAST BONE OF THE LAST CARIBOU REINDEER : Until the next successful hunting trip the family will have to rely on the meat from other smaller animals and mammals. The bones of the caribou are used in the making of hunting weapons and of several household implements, while the skins are used for clothing.

The accompanying pictures, taken by Richard Harrington after a 700-mile sledge journey, are the first record of the Padlemuits' plight.

In his diary Harrington writes : " Found a minute igloo with a starving dog lying outside, and inside a starving Eskimo woman and her husband." The latter had returned from another unsuccessful hunting trip. His dogs had died on the journey and he had struggled back on foot with one animal, with the thermometer registering 70 deg. below.

The Eskimo family of five, with five or six dogs to feed, needs one caribou a day. But this particular family had seen only one caribou in a month, and they were reduced to sucking bones.

" The woman's husband was a young man," Harrington wrote, " but he looked haggard and old and he could hardly move."

The Padlemuits are a kindly, serene, philosophical people. They have no word for war. They are kind to children. They never lie ; in their view all men must work together, and the liar, by undermining this outlook, is more dangerous than a murderer. They live in caribou-skin tents in summer and in winter they live in igloos ; and winter lasts from October until April or even later. Happy natured, when there are caribou they gorge themselves, and when caribou are scarce they philosophically accept the circumstances.

Reports so far filtering through say that the Padlemuits are once again on the verge of starvation, and during these next few months the main thought in the minds of the Padlemuits will be : " Will the caribou return along their old migration routes this spring ? " If this question is answered in the negative the Royal Canadian Air Force will once again be called upon to parachute supplies to Padlei, to tide its people over.

THREE GENERATIONS OF PADLEMUITS AT AN IGLOO ENCAMPMENT : *On left*—A mother comforts her child with the traditional rubbing of noses. *On right*—An old Eskimo woman, her hair crusted with frost, sits dejectedly in her igloo smoking her home-made pipe. She will sit in this position almost without stirring for hours on end.

SNOW IN APRIL

Wintry Weather on Deeside and the Lake District

SCOTTISH VICTIMS OF THE RECORD WINTER: These deer were photographed within 50 yards of the main Deeside road at Invercauld. Every week scores of their kind have been dying of starvation on the ice and snow-covered hills of Upper Deeside.

2,000 FT. UP: Three of the volunteer searchers reach a rendezvous on the snow- and mist-enshrouded Langdale fells while looking for traces of the two missing girls.

A MASS SEARCH FOR TWO MISSING WALKERS IN SOUTHERN LAKELAND: *On left*—Mr. Sid Cross, leader of the Langdale party, points out the area to be covered by his section. *On right*—The rendezvous for lunch. Over 400 volunteer searchers covered ten square miles of snow-covered mountains in a mass search for two young women, who had been missing since Bank Holiday Monday, six days before. Because of the treacherous conditions and the fact that it was snowing hard on the Sunday morning of the search, Police Supt. J. J. Ridley, of Kendal, who directed the operation, insisted that all volunteers must leave their names and addresses with the police before starting, and that they must all report back to Ambleside. Experienced guides accompanied the parties. Nothing was seen of Miss Betty Baker or Miss Peggy Johnson, who had set out on the previous Monday to walk from Grasmere to Ambleside. The searchers brought in two pairs of women's woollen gloves, which were sent to Leeds to be examined by relatives of the missing girls.

PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE NEW GUILDHALL : Demolition is now proceeding on this site just to the north of Guildhall, and here a temporary Guildhall annexe is to be built while work goes ahead on the rebuilding of the severely damaged north end of the Guildhall. Adjacent to this site there will be a new block of administrative offices for the City Corporation. Nothing is known of the first building on the site of the Guildhall, but Fabyan, in his *Chronicles*, refers to the erection in 1411 of Ye Guyld Halle, and Stow mentions that "towards the charges therof the [City] companies gave large benevolences; also offences of men were pardoned for sums of money towards this work." The Guildhall was much damaged in the Great Fire, and in 1789 George Dance carried out a general reconstruction of the front of the building. The damage suffered during the war was immense, but the Mayor and Corporation have continued to meet there on great civic occasions, and in a measure the ruins have symbolised London's proud defiance in the blitz.

PREPARING THE NEW, PRESERVING THE OLD IN THE CITY AND IN SOUTH LONDON

PLANNING TO PRESERVE AN OLD SOUTH LONDON LANDMARK : Because many children in Brixton have to take risks in crossing roads to get to recreation grounds and playing fields, Lambeth Council has been asked to provide a new open space, of which the centrepiece would be this old windmill. The suggestion is made by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The mill is the last of its kind in London. A report says that the mill tower is in good condition and the structure is capable of repair. Lambeth Civic Society has for some time been trying to persuade the council to buy the mill, the mill cottage and millhouse, at present used for storage, and to lay out pleasure grounds.

THIS WAS THE FIRST BUILDING TO BE STARTED IN THE CITY OF LONDON FOLLOWING THE WAR : This £700,000 nine-storey building, known as Atlantic House, occupies the former blitzed site bounded by Charterhouse Street, Farringdon Street, Shoe Lane and Holborn Viaduct. There will be shops on the street-levels and underground garages, but the greater part of the building consists of offices. In the foreground on the right is Holborn Viaduct, spanning Farringdon Street, and it will be seen how the vast building has entrances on two street-levels. Nearby is Smithfield Market.

TAKING PART IN AN AIRBORNE OPERATION DESIGNED TO CUT OFF ABOUT 10,000 NORTH KOREAN TROOPS : Men of the Far East Air Forces' 315th Air Division dropping f a Flying Boxcar in the vicinity of Munsan and the Imjin River, only a few miles below the 38th Parallel. The picture shows two of the paratroopers exactly at moment of jumping, while blowing in the slipstream are the release cords of men who have dropped a few moments before them. Thousands of men made the d the second most important in the Korean war to date, and the flight was led by Brigadier-General Frank Bowen, commander of the 187th Regimental Combat T who in stepping out of the leading plane gave the signal for assault. Swarming down behind him his men floated through the warm spring air, covering sun-drenched paddy-fields with their brilliantly-coloured parachutes as they landed.

Ten miles behind the Communist front lines on the Imjin River, near Munsan, Lieut.-General Matthew Ridgway dropped a big parachute force recently, jeeps, artillery and a medical team going in with the paratroopers in the second biggest assault of this kind so far attempted in Korea. These pictures are of special interest, as two of them give close-up impressions of the paratroopers as they left their Flying Boxcars. One of the two air groups in this mass descent was the 437th Troop-Carrier Wing, a Chicago reserve unit, and the other was the 314th Troop-Carrier Group. Both units are members of the 315th Air Division. Just before passing over Seoul the Flying Boxcars were joined by swarms of fighters, which protected the descent by darting down on ridges and valleys, strafing and rocket-firi the enemy wherever they were to be seen. In this way Comm heads were kept down during the vulnerable period. The oper was well co-ordinated, but was not immediately successf "flushing" out the Communists, as had been hoped. Some later, however, the Reds were in headlong retreat in this

DROPPING ON KOREA

AMERICAN PARATROOPERS LEAPING INTO ACTION IN AN ATTACK NORTH OF SEOUL

DOWNWARD BOUND : This was another dramatic picture taken as men of the 315th Air Division dropped among the Korean hills twelve miles south of the 38th Parallel. The paratroopers were meant to drop among the paddy-fields, but mild breezes carried some of them into the nearby rolling foothills where they fell among the scrubby trees characteristic of this part of Korea. Among those who jumped with the combat teams were members of the Sixtieth Indian Army Field Ambulance, the unit consisting of twelve surgeons, medical technicians, surgical equipment, anæsthetics and plasma, also a fully-equipped hospital jeep which went into action within a few minutes of touching the ground.

THE BRIGHTLY-COLOURED PARACHUTES GO DOWN IN HUNDREDS UPON THE PADDY-FIELDS : This general view of the "big drop" was taken from a Flying Boxcar as planes in front disgorged their fighting men. After the men came the heavy equipment, the heaviest artillery pieces to be dropped being 105-mm. howitzers. These were sustained by several parachutes.

IN GERMANY NOW

The Attempted Abduction of Johanna Buechner; Private John Waller Goes to Court; Demolition and Levelling in the Tiergarten and the Lustgarten

THE CASE OF JOHANNA BUECHNER: The thirty-year-old secretary of the East German Minister of Industry, Fritz Selbmann, explaining her desperate adventure to German reporters. It appears that late one night a Soviet Zone private car coming from the Russian Zone of Germany stopped at a West Berlin autobahn control point and the driver asked the way to the Soviet Sector. When West Berlin police approached the car they heard a woman cry out for help. They discovered that Johanna Buechner, who had been arrested at her Dresden home, was being taken to the Soviet NKVD in East Berlin. She was taken into protective custody, the driver of the car, an employee of the East German State Security Service, being arrested, while an accompanying East German police officer escaped. Miss Buechner said that she had frequently been interrogated, but was always released afterwards until this occasion. She considers it a lucky chance that the driver lost his way, and she was able to make her desperate last appeal to the police.

PRIVATE JOHN KEITH WALLER IS SENTENCED TO TWO-YEARS IMPRISONMENT: The soldier who spent ten months in the Soviet Zone of Germany, being taken under escort into the court-martial in Berlin, where he was charged with desertion. Waller pleaded that he did not intend to desert, and that he went to the Russian Zone to marry a German girl. He said he was "hounded about there," and threatened with internment because of his attitude to the propaganda tasks which he was asked to carry out. Eventually he was forced to make a speech, partly through starvation and partly "because I was told it would be the worse for both me and my girl if I did not."

***On right*—HE CHOSE FREEDOM: Horst Lommer, a forty-year-old writer and dramatist, who has sought asylum in West Berlin. Until recently Lommer was very active in the Communist ranks, and one of the most eager propagandists of Stalin's Peace Campaign. His articles and essays were published in the Press throughout the Soviet Zone and in East Berlin. His articles and essays were published in the Press throughout the Soviet Zone and in East Berlin.**

THE NEW GERMAN CHIEF OF PROTOCOL MEETS THE PAPAL NUNCIO: Hans von Harwarth (second from left) shaking hands with Aloysius Muench at a gathering in Frankfurt, when he appeared for the first time in his new capacity with the Bonn Government, which now boasts a Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Chancellor Adenauer being the Foreign Minister. The tall figure (third from right) is the Minister President of Hesse, who is shaking hands with Mr. William Schott, Chief of Protocol, Allied High Commission. On the extreme left is Mr. W. S. Durdin, Canadian Consul.

IN LUSTGARTEN AND TIERGARTEN—THE PROGRESS OF DEMOLITION IN EAST AND WEST BERLIN: *Left*—The castle site in East Berlin, for 200 years occupied by the Prussian Kings, as it now appears after being levelled by order of the Soviet authorities in order to increase the size of the Lustgarten. *Right*—High explosives tearing down all that is left of the Kroll Opera House in the Tiergarten. Built more than 100 years ago, the Kroll Opera House was the scene of performances by many great artistes and musicians during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Johann Strauss, Jacques Offenbach, Caruso, and many others have appeared on its stage. After the Reichstag building was burned out in 1933, Hitler transferred the parliamentary sessions to the Kroll Opera House. It was there that Hitler read the declaration of war in September 1939. After the huge pile of rubble has been removed, all that will remain of the Opera House will be the restaurant.

SMOOTHING OUT THE FLUCTUATING FLOW OF THE SACRAMENTO RIVER ON ITS WINDING COURSE THROUGH THE CANYONS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN : This is the great Keswick Dam and hydro-electric plant, situated nine miles downstream from the Shasta Dam in Northern California and one of the vital units in the great Central Valley undertaking which has as its main object the equalisation of the water resources between the surplus area of the north and the water-deficient southern two-thirds of the valley. The scheme, which comes into operation in its main features this year, is the most ambitious ever undertaken by the Bureau of Reclamation of the United States Department of the Interior. A vast system of canals is being used to take the water stored in the northern reservoirs to the parched farmlands, some of them 500 miles away.

WATER FOR FARMS, HOME AND INDUSTRY IS PROVIDED BY THE CONTRA COSTA CANAL, PART OF THE VAST CANAL SYSTEM DRAWING ITS WATER FROM THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN RIVERS IN THE CENTRAL VALLEY SCHEME : The Contra Costa meanders through a 48-mile stretch of pleasant valley and rolling hill, ending at Martinez on the south shore of Suison Bay, near San Francisco. The canal has a depth of over 7 ft. It was the first subsidiary unit to be completed in the Bureau of Reclamation's Central Valley scheme.

CALIFORNIA'S MASTER WATER PLAN

The Central Valley Project Comes to Fruition this Year, Quenching the Thirst of the Land at the Rate of 2,000,000 *Gallons Per Minute*

When Horace Greeley, the celebrated New York editor, gave the advice to every young American he met "Go West, young man," he certainly envisaged that California would become populous and prosperous, but he probably never guessed that the territory, which in 1840 had a white population of just over 5,000, would a century later boast 7,000,000 souls, would 110 years later have 10,500,000, and that its leaders would be anticipating the time when that figure would be 20,000,000.

In 1848 the discovery of gold at Sutters Mill made California a magnet for thousands of immigrants. In all 42,000 crossed the plains or made the journey round Cape Horn to the New Eldorado. By the turn of the century California's phenomenal growth showed no check, and by then vast problems were making themselves apparent, notably maldistribution of water in the Golden State. It was seen already that California needed a master water plan, a corrective programme of great scope and cost to provide irrigation in the parched lands. If that programme was not forthcoming it was obvious that progress could not be maintained.

One of the first men to bring forward suggestions for such a master plan was Colonel Robert B. Marshall, Chief Geographer of the U.S. Geological Survey, and in 1891, when he toured the inland basin, Marshall came to the conclusion that a great system of dams and canals was necessary to deal with maldistribution, to cope with the problem of the waters of the Sacramento River running to waste in the Pacific, and with the inadequacy of the San Joaquin River. Marshall's plan was made public in 1919, and placed before the California Legislature in 1921. The Federal Government gave its blessing to the Californian scheme

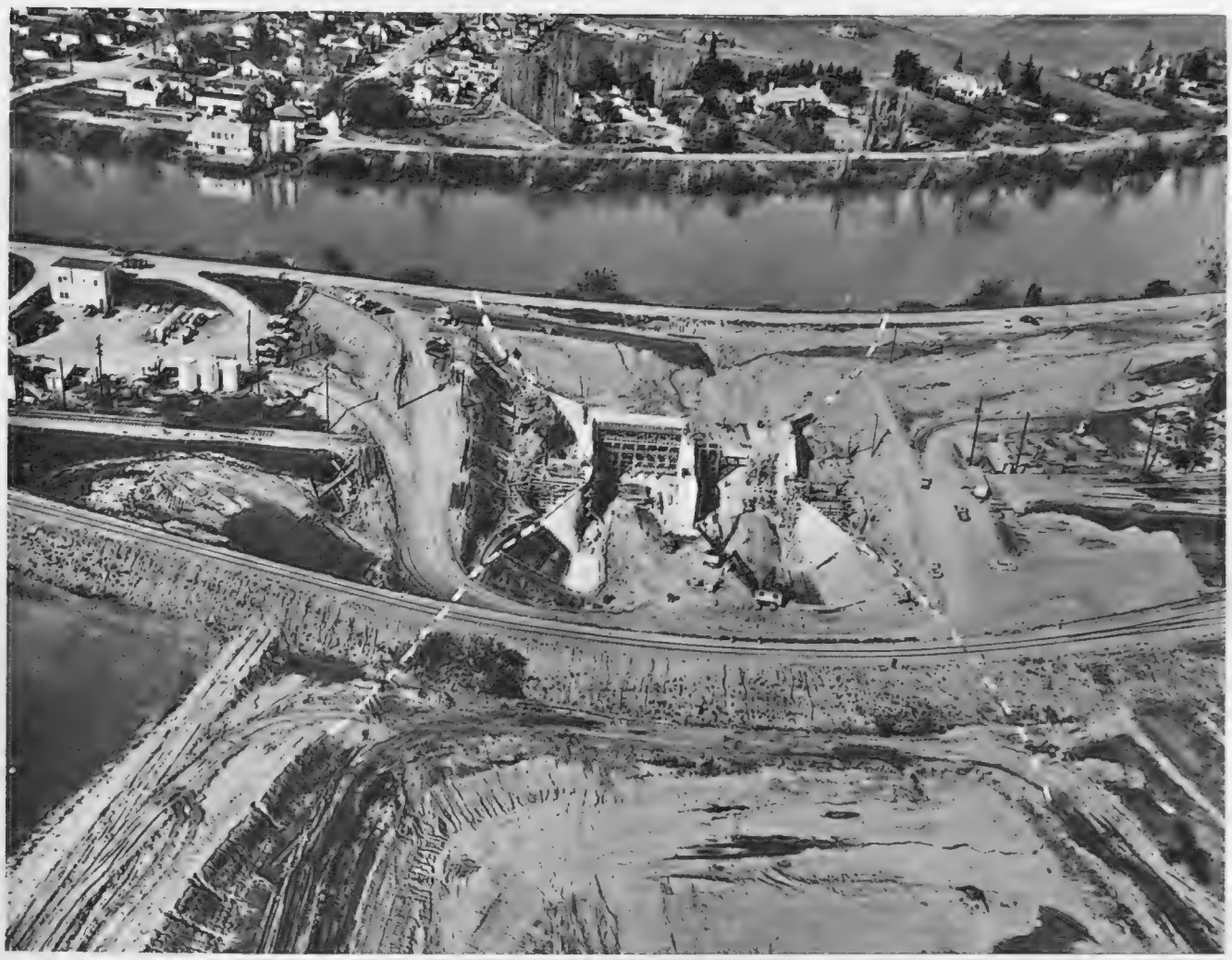
(*Continued on page* 65)

CALIFORNIA'S MASTER WATER PLAN

A BEHEMOTH OF CONCRETE: This is the great Shasta Dam, key unit in the Central Valley irri project, which stores the waters of the Sacramento River in a lake of 4,500,000 a and releases them as and when required for irrigation and hydro-electric purposes thro the 500 miles of California's Central Valley. In this way the plentifully supplied northern of the state is able to bring water to the parched lands of the central area. The S Dam is a curved concrete gravity-type structure with a height of 602 ft. above the foun

THE GOLDEN HARVEST OF GRAIN FROM CALIFORNIA'S CENTRAL VALLEY IS CARRIED DOWN THE SACRAMENTO RIVER BY BARGE: This picture was taken on the waterfront at Sacramento. Since Shasta Dam came into full operation, the navigability of the Sacramento River has been vastly improved and the river is now open to traffic throughout the year. Salt water threatening to intrude from the sea is now flushed out from the delta channels by the increased summer flow of the river.

WHERE WATER FLOWS UPHILL: This pumping plant near Tracy is designed t 2,000,000 gallons of Sacramento water per minute a height of 200 ft., car it into the Delta-Mendota Canal and thence to the Mendota Pool on the San Joa River. In this way the waters of the Sacramento, in the northern par California, supplement the waters of the San Joaquin in the parched central v



THIS IS THE START AT WALNUT GROVE OF THE DELTA CROSS-CHANNEL, THE LINK BETWEEN THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN ENDS OF THE CENTRAL VALLEY PROJECT: Through the 60-ft. control gates shown under construction in the centre of the picture water will be diverted from the Sacramento River, seen in the background, and will flow through the cross-channel, a distance of 50 miles, to the pumping plant at Tracy, where, as shown in a picture on the previous page, it will be lifted 200 ft. into the Delta-Mendota Canal and carried into the central areas of California. The dotted lines in this picture show the extent of ultimate excavation. The work is scheduled to be completed this August, when for the first time surplus water from the northern part of California will be in use as far south as Fresno, much of it coming by way of this Delta-Mendota Canal.

(*Continued from page* 63)

in 1935, President Roosevelt allocating vast funds under the Emergency Relief Act. Construction began in 1937, and now, fourteen years later, the main results of Marshall's visionary project are at the disposal of the people of California. On August 1, 1951, water which is carried over the spillway of the Shasta Dam in the northern part of the state will be able to course through the whole 500 miles of the Central Valley. Thus the surplus water of the northern areas will travel to the water-deficient southern two-thirds of the valley, providing for the irrigation of more than 1,000,000 acres of farmland.

To comprehend exactly how this plan is being carried out it must be realised that the Central Valley basin of California consists of two major watersheds, those of the Sacramento River on the north and the San Joaquin River on the south. The combined watersheds extend over 500 miles. The Sacramento River flows southward from the Shasta Mountains and the San Joaquin River flows northwards from the mountainous area round Yosemite National Park. These two river systems join in the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta to find a common outlet through the gap in the coast range into San Francisco Bay, and thence into the Pacific Ocean. The problem solved by Marshall's plan, now known as the Central Valley Project, was not only one of how to stop this vast acreage of water from the two great rivers running riot into the sea before it had played its part in irrigation and in hydro-electric undertakings, but of how to bring compensation to the south from the plentifully supplied north. There is, indeed, far too much water in the Sacramento River for the needs of Northern California, and far too little in the San Joaquin for Central California. A tremendous system of dams, canals and aqueducts has solved that problem. It is briefly this: When the Sacramento enters the Delta, now sternly controlled along its whole course by the influence of Shasta and Keswick Dams, water will be tapped off at a place called Walnut Grove into an aqueduct known as the Delta Cross-Channel. This cross-channel travels south some 50 miles to the Tracy pumping plant, and there the water at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons a minute will be pumped into the Delta-Mendota Canal, travelling another 117 miles due south to the Mendota Pool on the San Joaquin River. In this way the inadequate supplies of San Joaquin are stepped up at a vital point, enabling water which has been stored in Millerton Lake, behind Friant Dam on the upper reaches of the San Joaquin River, to be diverted farther south towards Bakersfield along what is known as the Friant-Kern Canal. In this way the great act of compensation is achieved. The whole Central Valley Project, with all its ramifications, is very much more complicated than this, but this is the vital core of the project. Other objectives of the engineers have been to improve navigation on the Sacramento River by the release of water from Shasta at periods of minimum flow, to generate hydro-electric power (at Shasta, Keswick and Folsam Dams), to supply water to municipalities and industries, to keep a steady flow of water into the delta to repulse the salt water of San Francisco Bay, and to provide recreation facilities on and near the newly-created lakes of the project. From August 1 the "Golden State" is indeed in a position to stride on to her next 10,000,000 of population, owing much, as she goes, to the vision of Robert Marshall and to the genius that lay behind his master-plan.

ON THE LINE OF THE DELTA-MENDOTA CANAL, CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE WATERS OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: *Left*—A concrete syphon through which water will pour at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons per minute. *Right*—An open section of the 117-mile canal which starts at the Tracy pumping plant, where the water is lifted from the Delta Cross-Channel and ends at the Mendota Pool on the San Joaquin River. In August of this year there will be celebrations throughout the Central Valley of California when water at long last begins to flow along this great canal. The canal has a maximum top width of 101 ft. and a water depth of over 16 ft.

HOME NEWS FROM LONDON AN THE PROVINCES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF SPR

THE PRINCESS ROYAL PRESENTS AWARDS TO BLOOD DONORS AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: The Princess congratulating Mr. A. Kay, of Sheffield, to whom she presented a silver lapel badge in recognition of the fact that he has given seventy-seven blood donations. Sixty-five men and sixteen women, all of whom had made over fifty donations, received these badges, the design of which shows two interlocking hearts surmounted by the Crown and resting on a scarlet background. Of the 500,000 donors in the transfusion services, 5,000 are receiving silver awards for twenty-five donations, and 70,000 are receiving bronze awards for ten donations. In her speech at the Royal College of Surgeons, the Princess Royal declared that a panel of 600,000 donors was needed to ensure the meeting of all demands. In Greater London, she said, only a hundred or more new enrolments were now needed to secure an adequate panel.

NEW KING'S COUNSEL OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF LORDS WHERE THEY WERE SWORN IN BEFORE BEING CALLED WITHIN THE BAR AT THE LAW COURTS: The new King's Counsel are: Left to right—A. A. Mocatta, W. K. Carter, J. E. S. Simon, B. H. Waddy, R. J. A. Temple, E. L. Mallalieu, G. de P. Veale, I. B. Lloyd, D. J. Brabin, Sir A. E. Ellis, H. Burton, D. Weitzman, J. R. D. Crichton, J. H. Bassett and G. Pollock. Sir A. E. Ellis has been First Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury since 1947 and he is standing in the centre on the right, wearing the insignia of the K.C.B. Mr. Bently Waddy is Recorder of Margate.

PRINCESS MARGARET DANCES WITH CADET MAY: During her visit to the Royal N[aval] College, Dartmouth, the Princess attended two dances, the junior dance and [the] passing-out dance of the senior form. At the last-named her hosts were [the] seventeen-year-old cadets. Earlier in the day the Princess had presented [the] term prizes to cadets of the Royal Naval College, had inspected the cadet[s] divisions and stood with the Captain of the College to take the salute at the ma[rch] past. Princess Margaret also visited M.T.B.630, the Sea Rangers' training ship [at] Dartmouth, in which she and Princess Elizabeth had spent a week training as [Sea] Rangers in 1946. She saw her old cabin and, on the bulkhead in the engine-[room] examined her own and Princess Elizabeth's signatures which they had pa[inted]

IN A BERKSHIRE JUNK YARD: What might be described as the graveyard of the Victorian and Edwardian eras is the huge "antique shop" or junk yard run by Harold [and] Eric Goodey, at Twyford, Berks. Their father and his father before him collected for museums, so that astuteness at picking the best of the old stuff is in the Goo[dey] brothers' blood. Their collection to-day probably covers nearly 100 years of progress in transportation of all kinds; in fact, anything on wheels including landa[us], hansom cabs, broughams, horse-drawn fire-engines and antique traction engines, penny-farthing bicycles, a two-seater tandem and Victorian perambulators (as shown in the picture *on the left*), and even the hobby-horses which preceded bicycles. The Goodey brothers supply museums, private collectors and film companies, when they have nursed their old crocks back to health. *On right*—Eric Goodey is seen with a nineteenth-century hobby-horse and his brother Harold has a Victorian bicycle of early vintage

THE MINISTER OF WORKS ADDRESSES A FESTIVAL WORKERS' MEETING IN BATTERSEA : Mr. Richard Stokes pausing to answer a question as he mounted the platform in Battersea Pleasure Gardens from which he talked to 2,000 workers on the Festival site. In doing so he sounded a fanfare for the Festival. "Too many people," he said, "are ready to say that Britain is finished. They think that our Festival effort will fail. Just show them that we can still do our stuff. People all over the world are looking to this country for a lead. We should know it and be proud of it. There is life in the old dog yet." The Minister appealed to the workers to make a special effort to ensure that the gardens would be open on time. Grave doubts had been publicly expressed as to whether the gardens can be completed by the beginning of next month.

THE MINISTER OF LABOUR ADDRESSES A LIVELY MEETING IN BERMONDSEY : Mr. Aneurin Bevan seen making his speech at Bermondsey Baths, where more than 1,000 people went to hear him address his first dockland meeting since he became Minister of Labour. He told his audience of Labour's achievement in raising the working man's standard of living, had a brisk question time, and was cheered loudly and long as he sat down. He said : " I am sure that to-morrow some papers will say I was very badly heckled in Bermondsey. They will say it, but on the whole we have had a fairly happy evening." While Mr. Bevan was answering questions on the international situation he faced a completely quiet audience, but at an earlier stage there were some violent interruptions.

A FESTIVAL EXHIBIT ARRIVES : This modern British motor lifeboat, which will be on show during the Festival of Britain, is seen on arrival at the South Bank site in London. The vessel has all the latest up-to-date life-saving equipment, a radio-telephone, a loud-hailer, a line-throwing pistol, and an oil-spray for smoothing waters. It is 46 ft. 9 ins. long, and weighs over 22 tons. It is capable of carrying nearly 100 people in rough weather at top speed. The hull is divided up into nine watertight compartments.

AT BRITAIN'S FIRST NATIONAL COLLEGE OF SPORT : Mr. Leonard Ward, the chief coach, welcoming students and coaches at a gathering on the lawns of Lilleshall Hall, Shropshire. Here, at this former home of the Dukes of Sutherland, forty-eight boys and girls have been receiving a week's course in athletics training, part of a long-term plan to lift Britain's name high on the running tracks of the world. The Hall was bought by the Central Council of Physical Recreation for £30,000. Another £60,000 to £70,000 has already been spent on conversion and equipment. The money came from a £120,000 grant by the South African Aid to Britain Fund. Athletes at the first course were the pick of thousands from Schools Athletic Association championships in the last two years.

THE MUCH-DEBATED PROGRESS OF BRISTOL'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING : Controversy surrounds this mighty project, which was started before the war and is now approaching completion. Estimated to cost £370,000 in 1938, its final cost is problematical, but a figure of £700,000 was being quoted a year ago. The seventy-two-year-old architect, Mr. Vincent Harris, who built Manchester's Central Library and Town Hall, Leeds Civic Hall and many other fine buildings similar in character, had to design a building which would not be out of harmony with the cathedral on the one hand and the university on the other. His critics do not think that he has succeeded, saying that the eye travels at once to the massive bulk of the municipal building. There has also been criticism of the dome over the entrance to the building, which one Bristol alderman has likened to the dome over the monkey house at Clifton Zoo. In a recent debate he called the building "The Monkey Temple on College Green." Every aspect of the scheme has come under fire at varying times, not least the lowering of College Green, which was raised 4 ft. to 6 ft. in the eighteenth century. Dominating the flanks of the building are two 12-ft.-high bronze unicorn figures, which can clearly be seen in this picture. It was while these unicorns were being set up in 1950 that doubts arose about who ordered the unicorns and why, and temporarily the work was halted while enquiries were made. Back from a holiday in Italy, Mr. Vincent Harris admitted that it was he who substituted the mythical animals for 600 ft. of ornamental lead that would have cost ratepayers £3,000.

HOCK-TIDE JUNKETINGS AT HUNGERFORD : A Tuttiman, carrying his flower-decorated stave, has mounted a ladder to collect his dues during the traditional ceremonies in this Berkshire town. In medieval times the Tuttimen collected tithes due to the Church, the men paying on Hock Monday and the women on Hock Tuesday. Nowadays the dues collected are pennies from the men and kisses from the women, and the pennies are distributed to the children.

ORNITHOLOGICAL ACCENT ON RARITY

Two Species of Birds Which Have Been Rediscovered and One Which May Quite Possibly Become Extinct

THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF A BABY CAHOW : It was only in last January that two scientists, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, Curator of Birds at the Museum of Natural History in New York, and Mr. Louis Mowbray, Curator of the Bermuda Aquarium and Museum, discovered the nesting-places of the cahow among the rocky crevices on three of Bermuda's small, uninhabited islands. Before then it was generally believed that the bird had been extinct since the early seventeenth century, as a result of its mass killing by the first settlers in Bermuda in 1609. This baby cahow was hatched from an egg found in one of the nesting-places during the recent discovery in Bermuda. The full-grown bird is about the size of a pigeon, only with much larger wings.

REDISCOVERED IN NEW ZEALAND FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE SPECIES WAS BELIEVED EXTINCT : The male takahe, or notornis, and young chick, as exhibited in the Dominion Museum, Wellington. The bird was rediscovered in 1948. During one week alone more than 2,000 visitors went to see the exhibit.

When Dr. Orbell and his party rediscovered the takahe in a high valley, west of Lake Te Anau, South Island, in 1948, great interest was aroused not only among scientists and bird-lovers, but also among the general public. Even greater interest has now been shown in the model of the bird which has been exhibited at the Dominion Museum, Wellington. This exhibit does not contain the usual examples of stuffed birds, but rather a series of models built up from photographs, sketches and measurements made at the scene of the discovery. The feathers used in the making of the bird are mainly from its relative, the pukeko, but others had to be specially dyed to exactly the right shade. When Dr. Orbell rediscovered the birds, he found the first that had been heard of for fifty years. The first person to realise such a bird had existed was Sir Richard Owen, the naturalist. When in 1848 bones of a strange bird were found in the North Island they were sent to him. He described the bird and declared it to be a giant swamp hen and named it Notornis. For many years after, the takahe was but a name and was likely to become merely a legend when, in 1879, on the east side of Lake Te Anau, a dog killed a bird. Nineteen years passed without sight or sound of any takahe when, again on the shores of Lake Te Anau, one was caught by another dog. It was not difficult for a dog to do so, for the takahe has lost the power of flight and moves rather clumsily. This was in 1898, since when, until the recent discovery, no birds have been seen.

THE ARRIVAL OF A GANDER OF THE SPECIES NE-NE, OR HAWAIIAN, GEESE AT THE SEVERN WILD FOWL TRUST'S SANCTUARY AT SLIMBRIDGE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE : The gander was sent from Hawaii in response to a request from the sanctuary. *Above*—Some of the geese at the sanctuary ; they include rare snow geese, grey-leg geese and pink-foot geese. *On right*—The gander meets one of the two geese of the same species at the Slimbridge sanctuary.

The Severn Wild Fowl Trust, which imported two of the rare Hawaiian Ne-Ne geese with the object of breeding them, were somewhat disconcerted when both birds built themselves straw nests at the edge of their pool and between them hatched out nine unfertilised eggs during March. Peter Scott, a director of the Trust, cabled to Hawaii, and a surprised game conservationist dispatched a gander of the species by Stratocruiser to London. The bird was then taken by car from London to the Trust's sanctuary at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire. Officials hope soon to be able to watch the Ne-Ne courtship dance—a sort of hula—and later the hatching of at least one clutch, which will be entrusted to a foster-mother. When hatched, the chicks will be worth at least £500 each. On the three birds now at Slimbridge may depend the continued existence of the species.

THE "CRYSTAL PALACE" OF THE NORTH SEA—THE NEW LINER "BLENHEIM" WHICH HAS BEEN FITTED WITH A SUN-LOUNGE ON THE PROMENADE DECK: The glass-enclosed area on the new liner, which is situated just aft the streamlined funnel, and which has been dubbed the "Crystal Palace." The liner plies between Oslo and North Shields.

N INNOVATION ON A EW NORTH SEA LINER

When the new liner *Blenheim* made fast at the end of her first trip from Oslo to North Shields, it represented the end of months of work by Captain Fin Wickstrom (former master of the *Black Prince*), who had supervised the construction of the ship's hull at Southampton. From Southampton the hull was later towed to Oslo for completion and fitting-out. On deck the liner has been fitted with a glass-enclosed sun-lounge, while down below the accommodation has a characteristic Norwegian motif. One of the most pleasant cabins is a reconstruction of a living-room in a Norwegian house. It has been decorated with the paintings of old-time sailing craft, formerly commanded by Captain Olsen, founder of the liner's owners. Straw worked into tapestry forms an unusual decoration in part of the first-class lounge.

ROGRESS AT FAWLEY

ork Goes Ahead on the Great Oil Refinery

EUROPE'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY—PROGRESS ON THE ESSO REFINERY AT FAWLEY, HAMPSHIRE, WHICH IS TO GO INTO PRODUCTION IN THE AUTUMN: A view of the distillation units at the refinery which is being constructed by the Esso Petroleum Company (lately Anglo-American Oil Co.) on the shores of Southampton Water. Rising in the foreground is the chimney-stack of the boiler-house. *Inset above on right*—Construction work in progress on a 49-ft.-diameter sphere which will be used for the storing of butane.

The new Esso refinery at Fawley will produce annually over 5,000,000 tons of petroleum products, ranging from motor spirit, at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons a day, to kerosene, Diesel oil, bunker fuel oil, asphalts and liquid petroleum gases. By 1954 additional plant will have been added for the manufacture of tractor oils and lubricating oils, which will bring the total output of the refinery up to over 6,000,000 tons a year, or more than a quarter of the United Kingdom's market demand for all petroleum products. The refinery is costing £37,500,000 to build, and it will employ 2,200 people. When the plant is finished it will embody 100,000 tons of steel; 300 miles of steel, cast-iron and concrete pipes; and 100,000 cub. yards of concrete. In addition there will be 220 pumps and no fewer than 1,600 lb. of mercury for use in the complex system of delicate instruments, by means of which a comparatively small number of men will be able to control all the vast units which go into the structure of a modern oil refinery. An important aspect of the refinery is the construction of the new Marine Terminal, consisting of a jetty 3,200 ft. long, with berthing facilities for four 26,500-ton ocean tankers.

AMERICA'S GREAT MILITARY CARGO-CARRIER ON DISPLAY—A DOUGLAS GLOBEMASTER'S CAPACITY BEING DEMONSTRATED AT LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA: This huge four-engined cargo plane can handle a maximum load of 38 tons, and if necessary it can be converted into a double-decker to carry 222 fully-equipped combat troops or 123 stretcher cases with attendants. At Easter, it may be remembered, one of these great Globemasters was lost in the Atlantic while flying from America to the U.S. base at Mildenhall, in East Anglia. The Globemaster, which has the U.S. Air Force designation C 74, now only exists in military form, but originally Pan-American Airways were interested in it and placed an order for twenty-six civil versions of the plane. This order was cancelled in 1945. The Globemaster is powered by four Pratt and Whitney Wasp Major 28-cylinder engines, each developing 3,500 h.p. for take-off. The Globemaster carries a crew of thirteen, the crew compartment being divided into two decks. In this picture a Globemaster is seen taking a car aboard. This aircraft has also loaded tanks and 105-mm. howitzers with tractors and ammunition carriers.

GLOBEMASTER AND COMET

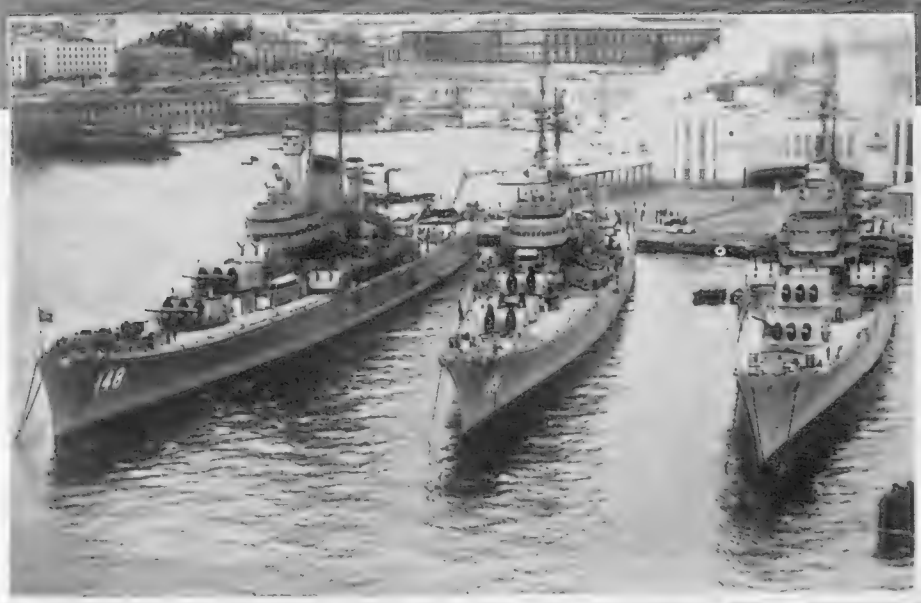
America's Giant Transport, and Britain's High-speed Jet Passenger Plane

On right—**IN CORPORATION LIVERY: Three Comet jet airliners flying in close company and all bearing the colours of B.O.A.C.** The aircraft nearest the camera is the first of a fleet being built for the British Overseas Airways Corporation, while the two others are owned by the Ministry of Supply. Together these three Comets have accumulated a total of over 640 hours of test and development flying. One of the two Ministry of Supply Comets is scheduled to take part in a series of route-proving trials in anticipation of the introduction of Comets in regular service early in 1952. Meanwhile, in the de Havilland works at Hatfield, work is going full-speed ahead on the completion of more of these airliners, which are playing a vital part in the establishment of British leadership.

OLD GLORY in the MIDDLE SEA

Some of the Powerful U.S. Naval Units in the Mediterranean

UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES SIXTH FLEET ANCHORED IN AUGUSTA BAY, SICILY: The ships form part of the American naval force now operating in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean command of the U.S. Navy, and represent the growing interest which America is taking in the Middle East. During the past weeks British and American Service Chiefs have been meeting in Malta in order to discuss the security of the Middle East. The American fleet is using Sicily and other Italian ports as temporary supply bases for the warships operating in the area. They include the 45,000-ton aircraft-carriers *Franklin D. Roosevelt* and *Coral Sea*; two of the world's heaviest cruisers; two other cruisers; twenty-seven destroyers and a number of auxiliary units. The Commander-in-Chief is Admiral R. B. Carney.



UNITED STATES CRUISERS ANCHORED AT NAPLES, ONE OF SEVERAL ITALIAN PORTS VISITED BY THE U.S. MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: The three cruisers from left to right are: U.S.S. *Newport News*; U.S.S. *Roanoke* and the U.S.S. *Columbus*. From time to time official visits are made to countries in the Mediterranean and Middle East. Just recently Admiral Boone went in company with other naval officers to Turkey and spent four days in the capital. Earlier this year Vice-Admiral Ballantine (who was Fleet Commander at the time) entertained the King and Queen of Greece aboard the *Franklin D. Roosevelt* during the Fleet's stay at Athens.

AMERICAN WARSHIPS STEAMING THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN—UNITS OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL UNITED STATES FLEETS EVER TO ASSEMBLE IN THE MIDDLE SEA: *On left*—The 27,100-ton U.S.S. aircraft-carrier *Leyte* seen from the *Newport News* during her stay in the Mediterranean. *On right*—Three cruisers of the Fleet without a permanent base, steaming in formation during a cruise. The leading ship is the 17,000-ton heavy cruiser *Salem*. Just slightly astern of her is the 13,600-ton *Columbus*, while right astern, and nearest the camera, is the 17,000-ton *Des Moines*. Since this picture was taken the *Des Moines* has left the area.

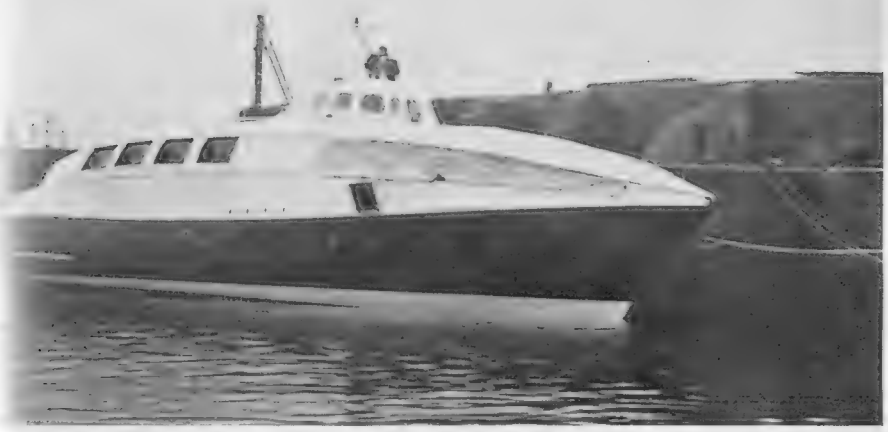
THE DANISH FREIGHTER "ASTRA" SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES AFTER COMING INTO COLLISION WITH THE "STEEL INVENTOR," A MERCHANT SHIP OF THE ISTHMIAN LINE, OFF THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY: The crash took place in rain and fog just after dawn about twenty miles north-east of Atlantic City. A salvage ship is seen standing by, her crew watching the death-throes of the *Astra*. The crew of the *Astra* were all taken to safety aboard the *Steel Inventor*, which managed to struggle into port under her own power. The *Astra*, of 2,709 tons, was under charter to the North Atlantic and Gulf Steamship Company. She was en route from New York to [illegible]

NEWS FROM THE SEA

A Disaster Off the New Jersey Coast; One Ship Occupies Two Berths; Launch of the "Aureo[illegible]

On left—**ONE SHIP IN TWO BERTHS: on the left is the *Atlantic Duchess*, on the right, on the other side of the dock, is the *Atlantic Duchess*.** An extraordinary picture was taken [illegible] at Swansea Docks, and is explained by the fact that, after the recent explosion in which seven people lost their lives and the ship's back was broken, engineers cut the vessel in two halves. The halves were towed to in nearby berths, where they were made watertight prior to towing to Westerpool for repair and union. The *Atlantic Duchess*, it may be remembered, met with disaster earlier in the year, being rocked by explosions after she had just completed her maiden voyage from the Persian Gulf and had unloaded her oil. The big ship's superstructure was completely [illegible]

VITH HER BOILERS CARRIED IN THE STERN: The *El Djezair*, a new French cargo and passenger vessel which was launched recently by the Compagnie de Navigation Mixte, at La Seyne, near Toulon. Of 7,102 tons, the *El Djezair* (bearing the Arabic name for Algiers) has a beam of 55 ft. and a length of about 432 ft. An innovation is that the ship's boilers are situated in the stern of the vessel to allow more cargo and passenger space. The *El Djezair* replaces a war casualty.



O CRU th th is N THE MEDITERRANEAN THIS SUMMER: This streamlined motor-yacht has been built in e fishing village of Cockenzie, on the Firth of Forth, and has just been launched from d of William Weathered. She is an all-wood yacht with an overall length of 81 ft. She on owned, and during the coming summer will be going down to the Mediterranean.

THE "AUREOL" ENTERS HER ELEMENT: The new Elder Dempster Line twin-screw passenger-liner *Aureol* gliding down the slipway after her launch at Alexander Stephen and Sons yard, Linthouse, Glasgow. The ship will have a speed of 16 knots and will be used for the West Coast of Africa run. She will carry 265 first-class passengers and 100 cabin-class passengers, and will have two private suites. The *Aureol* was launched by Mrs. Tansley, wife of Mr. E. C. Tansley, Managing Director of various West African Produce Boards.

HE FLEET OF IRON-ORE CARRIERS IS MADE READY FOR THE NEW SEASON ON THE GREAT LAKES: The *Herbert C. Stanley*, the *Ralph H. Watson* and other vessels of the Pittsburgh Steamship Company, a subsidiary of U.S. Steel, at anchor at Milwaukee Docks, Lake Michigan, ready to start their annual task of carrying ore and limestone from Minnesota and Michigan to the Lower Lake ports, where the steel mills are situated. Skippers of these 600-ft. craft were anxious to gain an early start this year to make up for tonnage lost when ice conditions set in earlier than usual in 1950. The ore-carrying ships play a big part in the economy of the United States, as they bring the ore from the mines of the Messabi ridge. In "The Sphere" of March 17, 1951, details were given of the new route by which the ore will be brought to industrial America from mines under development at Ungava, this Canadian ore taking the place of dwindling resources in the area of Lake Superior.

WEST END PREMIERES

NEW PRODUCTIONS AND NEW STARS OF FILM, THEATRE AND BALLET

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who made the colour film *The Red Shoes*, have scored another brilliant success with the first full-length opera-in-English film *The Tales of Hoffmann*. A brilliant cast was assembled for this Technicolor film, including Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, Leonide Massine, Robert Rounseville, Pamela Brown, Ludmilla Tcherina and Ann Ayars. The Offenbach music for the opera is played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. It was Sir Thomas who suggested Robert Rounseville, a young American tenor, who was singing the role of Hoffmann for the New York City Opera Company, for the same part in the film. Rounseville proved an actor of distinction and sings and acts the part of the poet in all his ages. Ann Ayars is another member of the New York City Opera Company who has a part in the film. The other leading players are all well known to American as well as British audiences. Pamela Brown is now acting on Broadway in the highly successful production of Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning*. The film has its London premiere at the Carlton Cinema next Wednesday, when Queen Mary will be present for the charity performance.

PLANNING THE LONDON PREMIERE OF THE NEW POWELL AND PRESSBURGER FILM "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN": Mrs. Attlee, Captain Sir Arthur Jarratt and the Countess of Harewood (chairman of the premiere committee) met at the Carlton Theatre to make final arrangements for the opening night, next Wednesday, the proceeds of which will go to the English Opera Group. The film, which is in Technicolor, has already had its world premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, when over £4,000 was raised for the American Red Cross. It is now being shown at the Bijou Theatre, where the same producers' *The Red Shoes* established a record long run.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL ON THE SILVER SCREEN: Robert Atkins as Dr. Johnson and Alexander McCrindle as his biographer, James Boswell, play in a scene with Ann Blyth in the new film, *The House in the Square*, which is being made at Denham. The film is based on the play *Berkeley Square*, and the above picture was taken during the sequence when the hero (played by Tyrone Power) is transported back into the eighteenth century.

JACK BUCHANAN TAKES OVER THE LATE IVOR NOVELLO'S PART IN "KING'S RHAPSODY": The musical comedy star arrives at the Palace Theatre for his first performance as Nikki. Before Ivor Novello left for his holiday in Jamaica, early this year, he discussed with Tom Arnold the possibility of Mr. Buchanan taking over his leading part. Jack Buchanan was not available then, but he has now joined the company for a limited engagement

BETTE DAVIS ATTENDS A WEST END FIRST NIGHT: The Hollywood film star has come to England with her husband, Gary Merrill, to act in a new film, *Another Man's Poison*, which is being made by Danny Angel. In the above picture she is seen at the St. Martin's Theatre, where she saw the first performance of three of Bernard Shaw's one-act plays.

HOLLYWOOD STARS CELEBRATE IN NEW YORK: Judy Holliday, Jose Ferrer and Gloria Swanson were in hilarious mood when they were caught by the camera-man, after hearing the news that the first two had won the premier Academy Awards for film actors in 1950. Jose Ferrer was judged the best actor for his performance as *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He is now appearing on Broadway in a play with Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson, who made a spectacular come-back in the film *Sunset Boulevard*, was well in the running for the title of best actress, but the "Oscar" went to Judy Holliday for her portrayal of the dumb blonde in *Born Yesterday*.

JUDY GARLAND ARRIVES IN LONDON: The singing star of many Hollywood films comes over to take the stage at the London Palladium. Miss Garland had worked with M.G.M. for fifteen years when her health broke down and she lost the leading part in the film version of *Annie Get Your Gun*. Her remarks on arrival here were mostly concerned with the question of her weight. "What does it matter if you are a little overweight," she said, "so long as you feel well and happy?" After her month's engagement at the Palladium, Miss Garland is to go on a concert tour of the Continent.

A WEST END DEBUT AT EIGHTEEN: Geraldine McEwan receives congratulations in her dressing-room at the Vaudeville Theatre after the first night of John Dighton's new comedy, *Who Goes There!* Miss McEwan was in the original production of *Who Goes There!* when it was produced by John Counsell and his Windsor Repertory Company at the Theatre Royal, Windsor. The play was seen there by Henry Sherek, who immediately made an offer for it with a view to London production.

GROCK IS BACK

THIS TIME WITH HIS OWN CIRCUS

The Great Clown Starts His German Tour in Hamburg

Charles Adrien Wettach was born in Switzerland on January 10, 1880, and rose to world-wide renown under the name of Grock because he was beyond all doubt the greatest clown of his day, an eccentric comedian with an inimitable and infectious appreciation of his own jokes and a flair for tragi-comic miming. Before and after the First World War, Grock was often to be seen on the London stage, notably at the Coliseum, but a brush with the income-tax men is said to have kept him away in later years. After the Second World War his name appeared in the headlines from time to time. He returned to Paris, where he was so well loved by more than one generation, and in 1948 he gave a great show there at the Cirque d'Hiver. Now, at the age of seventy-one, he has accomplished the dream of his life. Grock has a circus of his own, and at Eastertide the people of Hamburg flocked in their thousands to his show. It was still the same old Grock, ageless in his ability to make the world laugh

SEVENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD GROCK GIVING HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE IN HIS OWN CIRCUS WHEN HE STARTED A GERMAN TOUR AT HAMBURG: The famous clown was ruined by the war, most of his fortune having been in Italy, but he is now staging a come-back which really began in 1946, when he emerged from retirement to give an hour's performance at a benefit show for former French labour deportees in the presence of De Gaulle. Grock's première at Hamburg brought a bumper audience of 4,000. He has lost none of his old popularity.

GROCK, DESPITE HIS AGE, REMAINS A BRILLIANT ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN: Here he is in the make-up he wears in his new circus which, after touring Germany, may start on a European tour.

GROCK AND HIS HELPMATE: *Left*—The clown seating himself at the piano beneath the Hamburg "big top" as he began one of his acts. *Right*—Mrs. Grock seen at rehearsal when supplying sound effects for her husband. In his heyday Grock was the greatest figure on the Continental and British variety stages. At one time it was said that he could not come back to London, because over twenty-five years ago the income-tax authorities claimed that he owed them the sum of £4,500.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

STEPHEN SPENDER'S REVEALING AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A Modern Poet Writes a Trifle Embarrassingly; A New Biography of Pasteur; Selections from Mahatma Gandhi

THE autobiography of a poet, and especially of a young poet of our own times, must be of particular interest to those people who appreciate the significance and the importance of poetry to an era. To have this recognition it is not necessary to live immersed in books of poems or verses, but it is necessary to have enough knowledge of representative trends to distinguish *Maud* from *The Waste Land*. STEPHEN SPENDER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is as revealing as a good autobiography should be, so that it is perhaps ungrateful to complain that the revelation is unwelcome. About the Spanish Civil War, the N.F.S. between blitzes, the English Communist party and fellow poets at Oxford, Mr. Spender writes with an exactness of image that really succeeds in conveying the impression he wants. Where he is analysing at great and, I suppose, justifiable length, his own impulses, reactions and resolves, the effect is less intense, less interesting and even a little embarrassing in places.

Dr. René Dubos has written a biography of one of France's greatest men of science, that should appeal even to those whose scientific knowledge is limited to choosing the right end of the thermometer to put in their mouths. LOUIS PASTEUR—FREE LANCE OF SCIENCE (Gollancz. 18s.) is a fascinating book from which two things emerge clearly: that the nineteenth century was a wonderful one for those scientists who believed that science is natural philosophy, and that Pasteur was not only a man of enormous skill and originality, but that he was a great human being whose life was devoted not to abstract theory but to the service of humanity.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF MAHATMA GANDHI (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) must inevitably have their own place of importance, and as chosen and arranged here by Mr. Ronald Duncan are of extreme interest. In his introduction, Mr. Duncan, who travelled several thousand miles to keep an appointment with Gandhi to be met with a smile but no reference to the immense journey, writes: "Mahatma Gandhi was an oasis of meditation in our vast and garrulous vacuity." Of his own work Gandhi wrote: "What I have done will endure, not what I have said and written." Included in this volume, and by no means its least absorbing item, is a correspondence between the Mahatma and the then Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow.

Mr. Lionel Trilling's essays on literature and society have been collected under the title of THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), and make highly intellectual reading; reading, in fact, of the kind that is apt to stretch the muscles of the mind where it does not daunt the intellectually lazy reader. For Mr. Trilling is by no means an easy writer, and his essays on *Reality in America* or *Art and Neurosis* are tuned no higher than his discussions of *Huckleberry Finn* or the Kinsey Report.

CRADLE OF THE CLOUDS (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is a further volume of autobiography from Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose and covers the period between his leaving the school he described earlier, and going to Calcutta to join the University there. Dr. Ghose's method of writing about his youth has great charm, for he is able to present it not as an older man reviewing the follies and delights of boyhood, but as the boy himself with the freshness and enthusiasm and occasional loneliness and despair that youthfulness entails. A delightful book, and one that brings the Indian character nearer to us than a thousand text-books.

Mr. MacKinlay Kantor is the descendant of Scottish and Jewish families, a combination which in his case has been responsible for a certain blend of sentiment and common sense, as expressed in his writing. One of the most human of post-war films, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, was based on a story of his, and his autobiography, BUT LOOK THE MORN (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.), gives the same impression of humorous but realistic philosophy. The book deals only with the author's childhood in Iowa, and with his mother's hard struggle to keep both their heads above the financial waters, but it gives a full picture of character-building in progress, and as such is worthy of our respect.

THE MARX BROTHERS (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) had an American childhood too, but nothing could have been farther removed in feeling than their tough, fighting, hilarious and anarchical existence on 93rd Street, New York City. Mr. Kyle Crichton has written the story of their five careers (the fifth brother is called Gummo and will have nothing to do with the stage or screen); and it speaks well for the author's stamina that he has been able to keep track of the brothers' doings, recount them without confusion and have the strength and determination left over to give some pages to uncles, cousins, friends, managers and the inimitable Minnie Marx, who booked her sons' tours, egged them on to invent new turns and new acts, and restrained them when their high spirits were verging on the revolutionary. This is an uproarious book, and if it leaves one a little weak, why, so does an evening at the movies with Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo.

THE HOUSE AT ODENSE WHERE HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN WAS BORN: On April 2, 146 years after the birth of the Danish maker of fairy tales, Jean Moreau, of the Comédie Française, visited Odense to give a broadcast from the works of Andersen, the reading being relayed over Danish and French stations. From now on it is to be arranged that a foreign actor or actress shall give a broadcast at Odense each year on Hans Andersen's birthday.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is the first novel of Miss Clare Simon, who wrote it between the ages of seventeen and eighteen, so that it is not surprising to find that its most notable quality is a kind of coltish awkwardness that is not without its attraction. Her theme is the love of a young Roman Catholic priest for a girl for whom he breaks his vows until, in the end, he recognises the nature and claims of his priesthood. This is quite a subject to tackle, even for an experienced writer, but Miss Simon has the sublime confidence of youth and rattles away with gusto. It will be amusing to see the next example of her work, and I rather look forward to the experience.

Miss Beatrice Kean Seymour has the ability to tell a story with such compelling power that the reader is drawn on from page to page without realising the passage of time or, occasionally, the fact that the people he is reading about lack charm or humanity. In the case of her new novel, THE SECOND MRS. CONFORD (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), the principal character is a woman of no warmth at all, whose affections are governed by her reason, and who is finally led by her cold calculations to connive at something close to murder. Nevertheless, this is a fascinating story.

A TIME OUTWORN (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.) is a first novel by an Irish writer, Miss Val Mulkerns, who has captured much of the springy raciness of her native Dublin in her story, and has drawn, too, an admirable picture of a corner of provincial Ireland. But first and foremost this is a love story which in spite of the modernity of its idiom has an elegiac quality, and a tenderness about it.

Mr. Stanley D. Porteus has written an historical novel with a difference, in that it concerns a group of settlers in the Australia of the 1840's. Their object is to find a plot of land on which they and their beasts can live in peace, and to find this they face the desolation of the bush, and the spears of hostile tribesmen. PROVIDENCE PONDS (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) has more adventure than romance to it, but it is a workmanlike affair, and full of information about kangaroo joeys and wombat burrows.

SUBMARINERS (Macmillan. 9s. 6d.) is a collection of stories and sketches about the activities of one of the most specialised of all the branches of the Navy, and excellent reading it makes. Mr. James Casing writes from actual experience, a circumstance which gives the series not only its authenticity, but a very real excitement. If, as I did, you know little of the lives of submariners on active duty, then this book will serve as an admirable introduction.

There is a handful of first-rate detective stories and thrillers this week, and among them a new book by Miss Mary Fitt, whose devoted fan I remain. AN ILL WIND (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) is perhaps not the best of its kind from this author, but it is still worthy of a high commendation and has the hallmark of sound construction, humour and a dash or two of the macabre.

THE CASE AGAINST MYSELF (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a little more high-falutin', but equally exciting. This is a detective story as told by sixteen people, each of them concerned in a murder case, either as defendant, juror, judge, prosecuting attorney or murderer. The result is not as scrappy as it might seem, and the tension does, in fact, pile up as each person takes the story a step further till at last the murderer speaks. A neat idea, on which Mr. Gregory Tree is to be congratulated

Miss Anna Mary Wells has had an equally good idea for the "twist" of her mystery, SIN OF ANGELS (Hammond. 8s. 6d.) This is the story of a brilliant English actress who makes her first appearance in New York, and forgets every word of her part in the middle of the second act. At about the same time a woman is found doubly stabbed in her dressing-room, and things begin to look very black for the famous actress. But *is* she the famous actress? For the answer to that you must read Miss Wells' more than competent thriller.

KAILYARDERS IN THE PILLORY

George Blake's Analysis of Some Scottish Novelists

Through Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Douglas Brown and John Buchan it could be held that the pure stream of Scottish fictional literature runs undefiled, though, perhaps, upon different levels. But there was at least one muddy patch in the stream, represented by those writers of novels of humble Scottish life notable for their sentimentality and over-use of dialect. They were the members of the so-called Kailyard School, the nineteenth-century writers who were unrealistic enough to overlook the fact that the bulk of the Scottish people were condemned by a savage, insensate industrialism to live a wholly urban and mainly ugly sort of life. Instead of writing about the black slavery of the mills, the Kailyarders followed Scott and Stevenson through the heather and the glen, though far less successfully, or dwelt upon scenes of bucolic intrigue about the manse. The general verdict of this generation seems to be that they failed lamentably, and in BARRIE AND THE KAILYARD SCHOOL (Arthur Barker. 6s.) George Blake has little good to record of them. Who were they, these Kailyarders? It appears that in addition to Barrie, who fell by the literary wayside with his *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), the chief culprits were "Ian Maclaren," alias the Rev. John Watson, D.D. (1850-1907), the Rev. Samuel Rutherford Crockett (1860-1914), and in a special degree Sir William Robertson Nicoll (1851-1923). They were all children of a vintage decade, the sixth of the nineteenth century, and they wrote for an age of great prosperity and smug self-satisfaction. Watson, the least gifted and the most commercially successful, wrote *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and other works in the same genre. He had an immense success in English-speaking America. Crockett, who followed the *Kidnapped* formula, was a prolific scribe; indeed a good deal of a hack, and his novel *The Lilac Sunbonnet* has often been called pure kailyard. George Blake goes so far as to say "that it is hard for any reasonably literate adult of the mid-twentieth century to read the book without nausea." As may be seen, Mr. Blake's book is largely destructive in character, but there is a constructive chapter in which he pays tribute to George Douglas Brown, the man who wrote *The House With the Green Shutters*, and in so doing created a most effective counterblast to the kailyard men. With George Douglas Brown, it seems, realism came to stay. Only Barrie lingered on, as ever laying on his sentimentality with a trowel, but possessing a spark of genius the others lacked

To-day the farms of England great and small have become mechanised to an extraordinary degree, and in this country, at any rate, the change-over is almost complete from the near-medieval implements powered by horses which have done duty through the centuries. The new-fangled implements which Americans accepted with such alacrity in the '60's and '70's of the last century have, in point of fact, only found high favour in Britain in the last twenty-five years, but the revolution has been rapid; there has been no looking back, no Luddite hankering after things past. In his admirable volume ENGLISH HUSBANDRY (Faber and Faber. 18s.), Robert Trow-Smith emphasises this change in a most interesting chapter, and he is equally enlightening in his chapter upon the intensification of management in the dairying industry, where again there have been deep-reaching developments, particularly following the new security of the Agricultural Act of 1947. This analysis of current trends forms only a small part of Mr. Trow-Smith's volume which traces the path of English farming history for more than 4,000 years, from the first faint beginnings when Neolithic man scratched a living from rude arable plots upon the moors and nomadic livestock husbandry centred in the great downland camps. This is a survey of farming history which the layman will find well within his grasp; for the author, his own grasp assured, does not for a moment flounder among technicalities.

A book dealing no less admirably with a kindred subject is Geoffrey Taylor's SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY GARDENERS (Skeffington. 9s. 6d.). Mr. Taylor considers the work of some of the great men who have literally changed the face of Britain. He has had no easy task, for the gardeners of Georgian and Victorian times received little publicity in biographical works, and writing the book has involved much delving in horticultural byways and forgotten periodicals. Mr. Taylor has also had access to private manuscripts. He deals particularly with those who, unlike Paxton and Miss Jekyll, do not possess full-length biographies.

In this year of Festival, when the nation use the exhibition technique to take stock of past and present and adumbrate the future, Kenneth W. Luckhurst has produced THE STORY OF EXHIBITIONS (Studio Publications. 30s.), a timely volume aided considerably by a wealth of illustration

GOOD LISTENING, by Elkan and Dorotheen Allan (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), is a survey of broadcasting, racy in manner but serious in intent. Listeners, whether Light, Home or Third, will be intrigued by this behind-the-scenes guide, which contains many good anecdotes.

Two additions to the Faber Gallery are RUBENS, with an introduction and notes by Anthony Bertram, and BRUEGEL, with an introduction and notes by Trenchard Cox. Both are published at 8s. 6d. by Faber and Faber.

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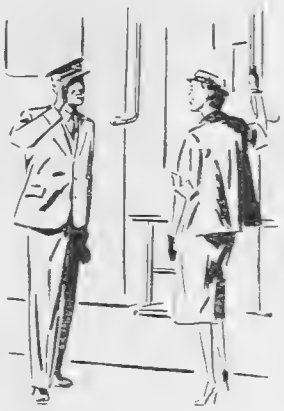

You will recognise it for example in the new all-metal coaches; with their deeply upholstered seating and controlled ventilation they set a new 'high' in travelling comfort. Incidentally, French Railways are always trying out new ideas for passengers' comfort. The latest subject for experiment is aircraft-type seating with back and leg-rests that you can angle to the position that suits you best. When meal times come along you will discover too that the dining cars provide food and wine every bit as good as those you would get in a first class hotel. If you decide to travel by night, you can either engage a berth in one of the excellent sleepers or reserve a couchette berth. A couchette is a kind of combined day-and-night carriage with folding berths in which one can make oneself very snug and costs only 16s. 6d. extra, 1st or 2nd class. Comfort, combined with speed and punctuality, is the essence of French rail services; and to complete the picture of truly civilised travelling, the courteous attention of the French Railways staff is always at hand, unobtrusively smoothing the way for the traveller.

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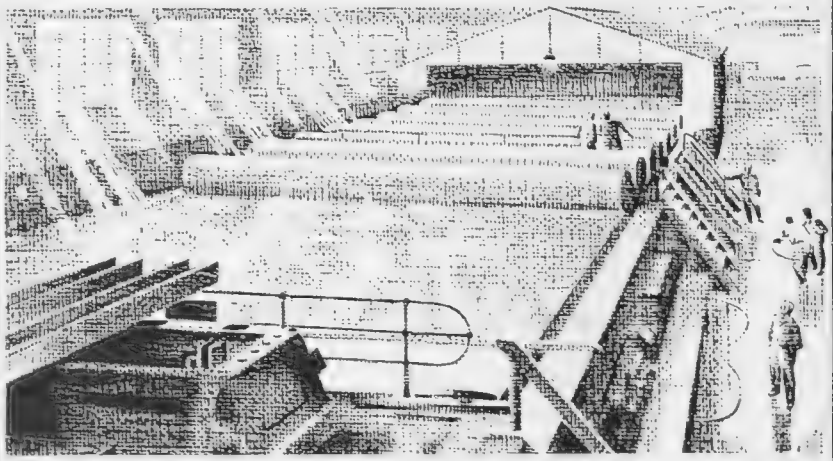

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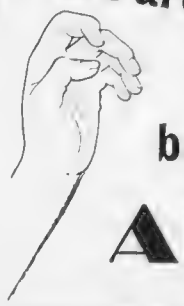

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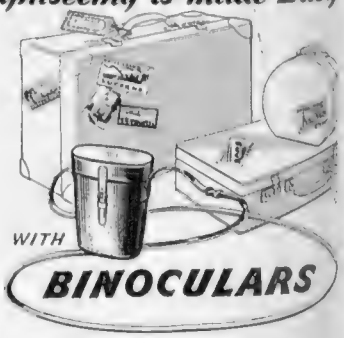

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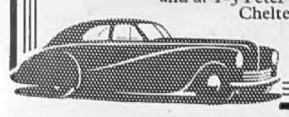

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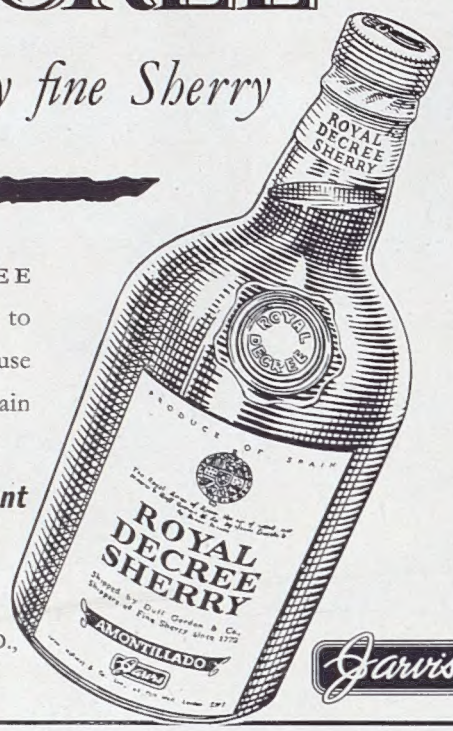

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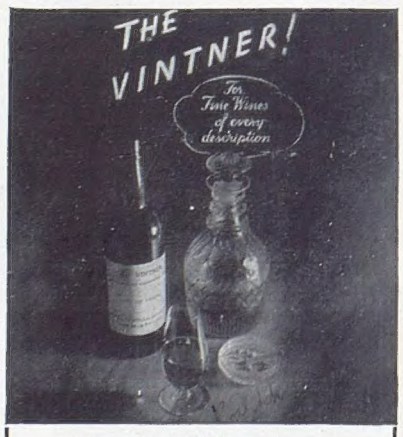

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BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

IT is at about this time of the year that I am reminded of that problem which seems to defy solution—staggered holidays. This is a thorny question, which not only affects Britain but almost every country; indeed, it was on the agenda of the International Hotel Association Conference at the Côte d'Azur last year. There are too many issues at stake to hope for a really satisfactory settlement, but a good deal can be done by the action of individuals.

Need you, for instance, go to the sea in August and September, at the height of the school holiday season? Need you travel at the peak period of road and rail transport, namely, the week-end? Could you not, if you have no children of school age, plan to take your holiday in June, often the most perfect month for weather? And then, if you feel you must get away from the dust and petrol-laden atmosphere of town life in August, could you not find a quiet spot in the country?

Here are a few suggestions, first for June evenings on the coast, and then some hideaways in the country, far from the motor-coaches, ice-cream vendors, and the general rough-and-tumble of an August seaside day. Salcombe, in South Devon, is an ideal spot for the former, and outside the town itself, in undisturbed splendour, is the *Gara Rock Hotel*, East Portlemouth; all around is National Trust property providing a panoramic seascape from Bolthead to Prawlepoint. Then, again outside Salcombe, on the way to Bolthead, stands the *Tides Reach Hotel*, where you will find a sandy beach, fishing, safe bathing, and boating outside your bedroom window. One other suggestion which will please those who like sea air, countrified surroundings, and yet look for the attractions of a town. I am referring to *Glendorgal*, which lies but a mile or two outside Newquay at St. Columb Minor. It has its own grounds, its own cliff face and surf bathing, and, further, the personal touch of its owner, Nigel Tangye.

And now for your August retirement: almost every county has its country-house hotels, often deliciously secluded in their own grounds. In the Cotswolds there is the charming *Moor Court Hotel* at Amberley, where from every window you will have views of green lawns and trees and the valley of the Severn. The Teme Valley of Worcestershire is generally little known, but there are many beauty spots to explore on a quiet holiday; a good base for the Wye Valley, Herefordshire and Shropshire is *The Elms Hotel* at Abberley, where you may be sure of a friendly welcome.

In Yorkshire, *The Hall* at Thornton-le-Dale, which lies between Scarborough and Pickering, will be appreciated by those who seek an atmosphere of restfulness and ease; here, to delight the eye, are views over the parkland and cricket-ground stretching to the Vale of Pickering and the Yorkshire Wolds.

Finally, let me recommend you to a country house in Wales, where comfort and leisure are enjoyed amid pleasant surroundings. *Gliffaes*, near Crickhowell, is a fisherman's paradise, for the Usk, which flows close by, provides some of the best salmon and trout fishing in those parts, whilst for others there is always the assurance of good fare, personal attention, and all the quiet pleasures of a country holiday.

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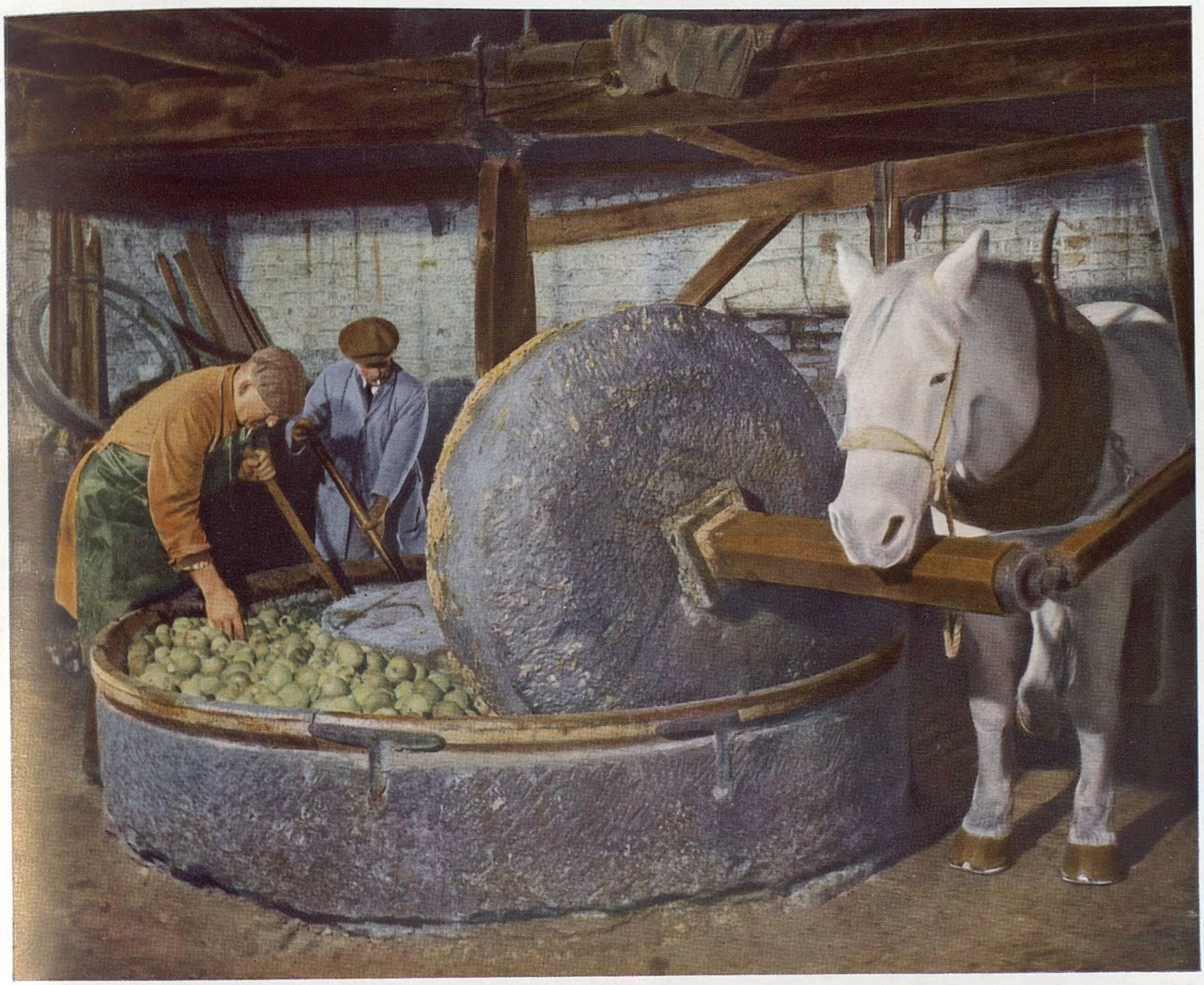

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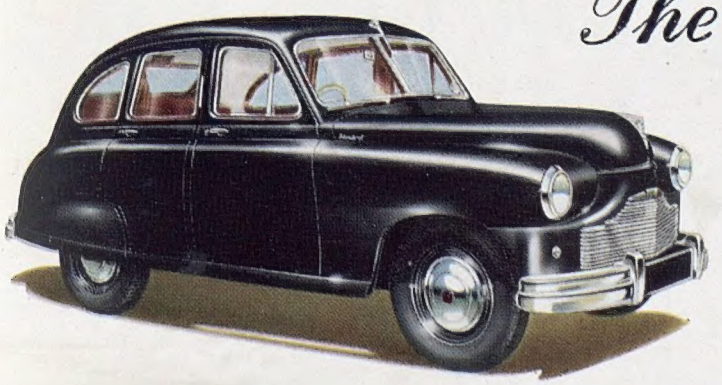

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